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THE COMING SESSION.

AS the Session draws near, the interest in the question of the Irish Church decreases. It is still recognised that the chief task of the Ministry in the next few months will be to propose and, if possible, to carry a measure by which the Irish Church will be disestablished and disendowed. But the excitement which the proposal to deal with the Irish Church once excited has died away. There is no fight left in the supporters of the Irish Church. They have no heart in their speeches and their meetings. The present Archbishop of CANTERBURY said last year that thousands of pulpits would ring with protests against sacrilege and the spoliation of a branch of the English Church. The pulpits are quiet enough now, and the clergy have drifted gently into a tacit acquiescence in what is coming. So far as their voice is heard at all, it takes the shape of an utterance of opinion on the part of some of the more eminent among them that disestablishment has no terrors for the faithful, and such men seem to be sustained by a comfortable, if not very well grounded, persuasion that in England disestablishment would not be accompanied by disendowment. The Archbishop of YORK, who roared fiercely last year and boasted that the Lords would show that they knew what to do with the Suspensory Bill, is dovelike now, and prides himself on contributing a Liberal element to the House of Peers. The cry of "The Church in danger" has faded away into silence, and even an Irish Bishop protests against the assumption that his Church is not to discuss terms of surrender. The general question is regarded as settled, and difficult as many of the details are that have to be dealt with, yet when it is once admitted on all hands that a measure of some kind is to be passed, and that only the details of the measure are to be discussed, the country naturally waits with tranquillity to know what will be proposed. In the present case the tendency to take things quietly is greatly aided by the discovery that no one has any plan to propose that commands anything like general assent. Various writers and speakers come forward, but what they suggest is feeble, fragmentary, and for the most part trivial. One thing only has been settled by such preliminary discussion as has taken place, and that is that none of the money taken from the Irish Church ought to be distributed for sectarian purposes, either directly by grants to religious communities, or indirectly by contributions to denominational education. But no one has yet come forward to make any practical suggestion for the appropriation of the money to purposes other than sectarian; and nothing like justice has as yet been done to the expediency of adopting the simple course of not appropriating the money at all, but simply enacting that tithe rent-charges shall, except so far as may be necessary to protect life interests, cease to be paid to the clergy. In the same way no one tries really to grapple with the difficulties attending disestablishment. Those who think that the Church will gain by being separated as completely as possible from the State do not explain how they propose to secure that the excellences which now characterize the Established Church shall equally characterize a voluntary community. Those who wish still to connect the Church with the State in Ireland do not explain how this can be made compatible with the entire removal of Protestant ascendancy. The position of things, therefore, at the opening of the Session is that all parties have virtually acquiesced in the necessity of carrying such a measure as was vaguely shadowed forth by the Resolutions of the Commons last year, while the determination of the details of the measure is wholly remitted to the Government. A Cabinet that cannot profit by a situation so extremely favourable to it must be a much weaker Cabinet than its friends reasonably expect the present Cabinet to show itself.

In proportion as public interest with regard to the Irish Church decreases, a greater anxiety is felt to know what are

the other lines of activity which the Cabinet will decide to follow. Evidently it must do much more than propose a good Irish Church Bill if it is to earn a high reputation. The Liberal majority was elected mainly on the issue of the Irish Church, but the fact that the majority was so large and so decisive has thrown the question of the Irish Church into the background. Its fate is sealed, and the country naturally wishes the Ministry to show that it can also attend to other things. There ought to be something like a programme sketched out of the aims which a strong Government leading a large majority in a Reformed Parliament hopes to realize, not only in the next few months, but during a term of office, if power is continued to it. To hint darkly at changes which would alarm the respectable classes, to assume anything like a right to dictate the future policy of the country, and to boast beforehand of impracticable achievements would, of course, be a great mistake. But it would also be a great mistake to be too timid and too silent, and to fail to animate the Liberal party with the hope that its triumph will be turned to a variety of important purposes. There never was an opportunity when a Prime Minister had it more in his power, by rising to the height of the occasion, to give meaning and consistency to the action of his supporters and to place the policy of his party on a serious and solid basis. On a number of great questions, on retrenchment, army reform, education, the treatment of the poor, the treatment of criminals, law reform, the relations of capital to labour, the relations of the Mother-country to the colonies, and many other subjects of scarcely less moment, the Liberal party, and the country which the Liberal party may be fairly taken to represent, are waiting to be guided. They long for a policy to be indicated on points like these, which shall be bold and decisive without being revolutionary. Unless the Ministry shows itself equal to the task of indicating the general grooves in which on the great questions of the day its party should move, it will only hold a second-rate position, and will soon pay the penalty exacted from all Ministries that are inferior to what is expected from them. It will be supported, but it will be supported without confidence and without enthusiasm. To be really powerful, it must show itself capable, not of decent administration and of carrying out in a bungling way the suggestions of random thinkers, but of itself forming the ideas of the public. Retrenchment is popular, but no one knows what retrenchment means. Army reform is popular, but a subordinate member of the Ministry has already been made to eat humble-pie, because he indiscreetly expressed an opinion about the chief command of the army. The London public is in a panic at the thought of the legion of experienced criminals whom it generously shelters in its bosom; but no one has any notion how to reconcile the surveillance of the police with the traditional liberty of the subject. Every one wants education to be much more diffused than it is at present, but no one knows how to diffuse it without offending the clergy, or how to replace the clergy if they are offended. In all directions men are looking for guidance, and are waiting to see whether the present Ministry can guide them. It is in every way fortunate that the issue whether the Ministry is capable of affording the guidance wanted should be raised at the very outset of the Session, and that the minor question of what is to be done with the Irish Church should not now assume a misleading and accidental importance.

The question of the Irish Church does not even appear to us second in rank after the great question of the capacity of the Ministry to offer a policy to its party and to the country. The second rank of importance belongs to the position which will be held by the House of Lords. How will the Lords treat the Bills that will be sent up to them? The Archbishop of YORK, who, if sometimes betrayed into arrogance and into arguments dangerous to his cause, has at least the merit of looking ahead, and of thinking over the signs of the times,

has this week offered the theory that the Commons are to initiate and the Lords to scrutinize. This may seem a mere commonplace, but if the theory were really adopted, it would involve consequences that would be of considerable moment. The Irish Church Bill, for example, will probably pass the House of Commons by a large majority, after the country has been expressly consulted on it. According to the Archbishop of York, the business of the House of Lords is to accept it, but to scrutinize it, to see how it can be improved, made more practical, more free from defects, more adapted to meet all contingencies. But the principle of the Bill, and the general nature of the scheme proposed, are determined by the Commons. Disestablishment, for example, is, we will assume, interpreted to mean the establishment of a voluntary community governed by a Synod. To reject this interpretation could not come within the sphere of a scrutinizing body unless that body could show that the proposed scheme was altogether impracticable. A scrutinizing body, accepting the general conclusions of an initiating body, would properly limit itself to considering how the design of creating a voluntary community governed by a synod should be worked out. It would suggest additions, repair omissions, give precision to dubious clauses; but its sphere would be to elaborate details, not to adopt principles. No one can doubt that if this were recognised as the true function of the House of Lords, it is a function of the greatest utility to the State, and one which the Peers are specially competent to fulfil. But the question is whether this is recognised as the true function of the House of Lords. If so, the recognition is a novelty. The theory does not conflict with the rejection of the Suspensory Bill last year, because the Lords were then entitled to say that, until a new election had been held, it was not clear that the Commons had a right in such a measure to take the initiative. But it conflicts with the course taken by the Lords on such questions as that of admitting Jews to the House of Commons. The Lords, year after year, did not scrutinize the Jew Bill, but rejected it. They did not try to make the Bill more practical, but they declined to pass it, or to attend in any way to the initiative of the Commons. It is true that every year the Lords have been brought nearer to the position of a scrutinizing body. After they gave way on the Reform Bill of 1832, and again on Protection, it was evident that if the conflict were pushed to extremes they could not resist the initiative of the House of Commons. But for many years after the Reform Bill of 1832 they used their power as a means of thwarting such of the measures of their opponents as presented no means of pushing a conflict to extremes. Lord LYNCHURST had complete command of the House of Peers, and year after year he entertained himself and his hearers with a review of the Session, in which he taunted the Whigs with the measures they had proposed in vain. The Lords baffled the Commons, and laughed at them for being baffled. Lord LYNCHURST killed the Whig Bills, and then once a year danced his war-dance, and counted the scalps he had taken. Could this happen again? Could Lord CAIRNS imitate his predecessor, and turn the present Ministry into ridicule by boasting of the measures ardently advocated, seriously discussed, and triumphantly carried in the Commons, and then in a moment ignominiously snuffed out by a law-Lord? It is in the highest degree improbable that this could happen now; and what makes it improbable is that the Constitution has during the last thirty years undergone silently a great change, that the country acts much more directly on the House of Commons, and the Lords have become more and more a scrutinizing, not an initiating or controlling, body. But whether the Lords will accept their new position without any further struggle is a doubtful and most interesting question, and the truth perhaps is rather that the House of Lords is rapidly tending to become, than that it has become, such a body as the Archbishop of York described.

THE ALABAMA TREATY.

UNDETERRED by the criticism and abuse to which he has been subjected at home, the American Minister has once more expressed in eloquent language his anxiety to reconcile the honour of England with the maintenance of American rights and interests. It is possible that his countrymen may reconsider their censures on Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON when they hear of the impression which has been produced in England by the result of his negotiation. The genial effusions which caused so much irritation among his countrymen may now perhaps be regarded as diplomatic methods of reconciling English feeling to a series of mortifying concessions. It is both courteous and just to assume that the American Minister

was sincere in his repeated assertions that the honour of both countries had been sedulously guarded in the course of discussion, and in the final arrangements; yet he may boast that from first to last he has never formally yielded a single disputed point. The elasticity with which Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON have given way to pressure forms a striking contrast with the pertinacity of Mr. SEWARD and of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. The delay of the Senate in considering the treaty, and the extravagant pretensions of the chief American journals, tend to confirm a doubt which some Englishmen have long entertained, whether extreme deference conduces to the pacific and equitable settlement of national misunderstandings. Mr. BRIGHT, in a speech delivered at Birmingham immediately before his accession to office, almost reproached the American Government for the mildness of the terms which, as he inferred from Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S language, had been imposed upon England. About the same time an obscure American writer published Mr. GLADSTONE'S humble apology for his past presumption in miscalculating the comparative forces of the Union and the Confederacy. The language used by less eminent statesmen and by public writers, although it was prompted by the unanimous good-will of all classes in England to the United States, was open to the ungenerous interpretation which it has received from all parties in America. Republicans and Democrats agree for once in the belief that, in obtaining nearly all that they have ever demanded, they have not profited to the utmost possible extent by the ostentatious pliability of the English Government and people. The treaty which has been dictated by Mr. SEWARD would probably have been sanctioned, after some show of reluctance, by the Senate, if it had been presented at any other time than at the close of a Presidential term. There will be little reason to regret the failure of a project of open arbitration which would probably have broken down in consequence of the extravagant pretensions which it would have encouraged. It is almost certain that the Senate will postpone any action on the treaty during the interval of three weeks which must elapse before the installation of the PRESIDENT. Mr. SEWARD and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON have many friends among their respective parties, but their influence will scarcely prevail over the wish to reserve the question to the future Administration.

There is reason to fear that the satisfactory treaties relating to the San Juan boundary and to Naturalization will share the risks of the Alabama Convention. The San Juan question, though it relates to a territory of little value, is practically the more important of the two, for a repetition of the violent proceedings adopted ten years ago by General HARNEY might at any time lead to a dangerous collision. Under the Treaty of 1848 the boundary line was drawn westward along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and then southward through the mid-channel of the straits which separate Vancouver's Island from the mainland; but the Americans maintain that the object of the deflection was only to secure Vancouver's Island to England, and that all parties intended the line to pass along the canal of Haro, which would give the Haro group of islands, including San Juan, to the United States. The troops which had been landed on the island by General HARNEY were withdrawn, without prejudice to the rights of either party, by President PIERCE, and a temporary arrangement was made for a joint military occupation. The civil war soon afterwards diverted the attention of both Governments to more pressing matters. The case is eminently adapted to arbitration; and the choice of the President of the Swiss Confederation as arbitrator is unobjectionable; but the desire to keep a cause of difference open may perhaps induce the Senate to reject the treaty. In a separate article it is provided that the treaty shall not take effect till the question of naturalization is satisfactorily settled; and it will of course be open to any Senator to maintain that the Naturalization Treaty is not satisfactory, although it provides for all the objects which have been represented on the part of the United States as desirable. The provisions of this treaty have for the most part long since been anticipated in practice, nor has the question of citizenship by naturalization at any recent time caused any serious embarrassment; but during the Fenian trials, when it became the duty of the Judges to act upon the law which was common to England and to the United States, a clamour was raised in America against the doctrine of indefeasible nationality. If the treaty comes into force, it will be proper to repeal the obsolete law of juries *de medietate linguæ*, and it will then be wholly immaterial for the purposes of justice whether a political conspirator is an English subject or an alien. No State has any interest in retaining a legal hold on emigrants who have deliberately transferred their

domicile and allegiance to a foreign country. The old law afforded a certain countenance to the pretensions of Fenian agitators who professed to be at the same time American citizens and Irish patriots. If the treaty is ratified, and if it is completed by the necessary legislation, a returned malcontent will be treated for all purposes as a foreign intruder.

It has now become certain that, notwithstanding Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's repeated declarations or prophecies, no arrangement with respect to the *Alabama* claims had been completed when the late Government retired from office. Lord STANLEY, although he was disposed to make all allowable concessions, steadily refused to include in the terms of the proposed reference the conduct of the English Government in recognising the belligerent rights of the Confederacy. Lord CLARENDON, acting of course in concert with his principal colleagues, appears to have been more amenable to pressure than his predecessor. It is a mistake to suppose that he has in direct terms agreed that the arbitrator shall take into consideration the recognition of belligerency; but the vague language of the treaty, and the reference of the correspondence between the Governments to the arbitrator, would afford a pretext to the American Commissioners for including in their claims a demand for compensation founded on the QUEEN's proclamation of neutrality. It is true that, while English critics censure Lord CLARENDON's alleged sacrifice of national honour, the opponents of all settlement in America strenuously contend that the question of recognition is excluded from the reference. It is argued with much force that the claims provided for are those of private citizens, and that neither Government is entitled under the treaty to bring forward a public or political grievance. In all the early negotiations, the owners of ships taken or injured by cruisers sailing from English ports were Mr. SEWARD's sole clients; and the large alterations which have since been made in the proposed treaty have apparently not affected the original purpose of the transaction. Yet it is impossible to doubt that, if the treaty were in operation, the American Government and their agents would raise the contention, especially as they would attain a part of their object even by an adverse decision of the arbitrator. A question of such importance ought not to have been left in doubt; and it is a further objection to the treaty, that all its provisions are too vague. The nature of the claims to be preferred ought to have been distinctly specified; and the Sovereign, or chief of a Government, who is to act as arbitrator on special points, should have been named in the treaty. The declaration that, if the case arises, both Governments will agree in the choice of such an arbitrator, will become inoperative in the contingency of their disagreeing. It is in truth inaccurate to describe the treaty as a compact for reference to arbitration. It is rather contemplated that the claims should be settled by Commissioners respectively representing the two Governments, which have never themselves succeeded in arriving at an understanding. The American writers who support the ratification of the treaty are mistaken in their assumption that any English Minister, however anxious for a termination of differences, has yet admitted that his Government was liable for the smallest fraction of the damages caused by the *Alabama*. When Lord STANLEY abandoned the ground which had been taken by Lord RUSSELL, the reference of the liability to the decision of an arbitrator left the principle on which damages were to be assessed altogether in doubt. It is not to be supposed that the Commissioners would ever attempt to deal with either question; and consequently the arbitrator, who appears only in the background of the treaty, must intervene at the very commencement of the proceedings. As the English Government will certainly not consent to refer the issue on which the whole controversy turns to an arbitrator to be chosen by lot, the King or President who is to cut the knot on great occasions will exercise his functions before the Commissioners can commence their inquiry. The alterations in the frame of the treaty were probably intended to express Mr. SEWARD's assumption that the liability of the English Government was practically undisputed. It is perhaps unfortunate that Lord RUSSELL declined Mr. ADAMS's proposal of an arbitration, which might at the time have been arranged on equitable terms; but a great nation cannot afford to acquiesce in the Sibylline mode of treatment. What was fair five years ago is fair now, although the American Government is of course free to withhold an offer which was not accepted by England.

In spite of the positive statements of several American journals, it is still permissible to doubt whether General GRANT has deviated from his habitual and prudent taciturnity into a rash and wanton protest against any possible settlement

of the *Alabama* controversy. According to the *New York Times* and the *Tribune*, General GRANT has expressed his opinion that the *Alabama* claims are not merely a demand founded on the destruction of merchant vessels, but that compensation is required for the injury sustained by American commerce in general, and by "the protraction of the war" for at least two years by the sympathy and support "of England." The wild injustice and absurdity of the supposed declaration are wholly inconsistent with the character which has been hitherto attributed to General GRANT. It is simply unmeaning to assert that General GRANT and his predecessors in military command were prevented for two years from making their way to Richmond, not by the generalship of LEE and the valour of his soldiers, but by the theoretical sympathy of some private Englishmen with the Confederate cause. The English Government was from first to last scrupulously neutral; and it can scarcely be pretended that the recognition of belligerent rights could have been withheld in the third or fourth year of a great war. As the *New York Times* justly remarks, the language which is put into the mouth of the PRESIDENT points, not to a different form of treaty, but directly to war; yet it is incredible that any serious politician in the United States should contemplate, after years of negotiation ending in the concession of almost every American demand, an utterly unprovoked resort to arms. It is, indeed, by latent menaces that American diplomacy has succeeded in alarming the timid portion of the English community, including, perhaps, more than one statesman high in office; but there is a limit to the concessions which might be preferable to a rupture. Lord CLARENDON and Mr. GLADSTONE may easily satisfy themselves that the American Government and people are not prepared, for the mere purpose of revenge and of wrongful aggression, to double their national debt, and to reassemble the army which they disbanded three or four years ago. If the treaty is not ratified, there ought to be no hurry in recommencing negotiations. After approaching to the verge of humiliation in its anxiety for justice and conciliation, the English Government has thrown upon the United States the responsibility of deliberately keeping the quarrel open. No great importance should be attached to the wilful retention of a pretext for war. Whether the *Alabama* claims are settled or suspended, the sour animosity to England which commenced nearly a century ago will be felt or affected by all American politicians who desire to consult popular prejudice. If passion or interest at any time prevailed over the material arguments for peace, there would be no difficulty in devising an excuse for war. On their own continent, and perhaps in the neighbouring seas, the belligerent who was nearer to the scene of action would enjoy an obvious advantage. The Americans might, at the worst, overrun Canada, but without the consent of the population they could not annex the territory of the Dominion. Outside the Western hemisphere England would be invulnerable to American attacks. Grave as the evils of war would be, it would be better to face it at once than to submit to intolerable degradation. A war gratuitously commenced for the purpose of avenging on England the recognition of belligerency which was simultaneously accorded by France, and two or three weeks later by every European Power, including Russia, would be an outrage revolting to the moral sense of mankind; and ultimately it would not go unpunished.

THE MINISTERS AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

POLITICAL dinners in the City have their use; but if the Cabinet had meditated any secret policy, Fishmongers' Hall would not have been the proper place for political disclosures. English habits require statesmen to cultivate an accomplishment which may be called the art of sonorous silence. On ceremonial occasions they are expected to show their respect for public opinion by communicating to some festive audience what all the world knows as well as themselves. If little light is thrown on public affairs by the process, the tact and eloquence of the speaker are tested by his comparative skill in saying neither too much nor too little. Sir ROBERT PEEL was, as might have been expected, a master of after-dinner oratory; and Lord PALMERSTON, with some occasional sacrifice of dignity, was a still more popular artist. Mr. DISRAELI, though he combines stately magniloquence with humour, too often offends a correct taste by exaggerated paradox, as when at the Guildhall, on the eve of his resignation, he affected a perfect security of his tenure of office. It must be admitted that the Ministers had an easier task when on Thursday evening they appeared in public for the first time since the formation of the Government. Having appealed to the constituencies on the compound issue of the abolition of the

Irish Church and the accession of the Liberal party to power, they are about to commence, with a majority of more than a hundred supporters in the House of Commons, a contest in which they can scarcely be defeated. If the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company and his colleagues happen to be of a nervous temperament, they may perhaps have felt some anxiety for the success of their entertainment. The Ministers have scarcely had time to find themselves at home in their positions; and the only member of the Cabinet who has hitherto since its formation made speeches on public occasions had not been especially felicitous in his selection or treatment of political topics. It was barely possible that the speakers might, in default of more interesting subjects, recur to the obsolete misdeeds of their predecessors in office, or that some of them might disinter the unseasonable question of Parliamentary Reform. One of the most conspicuous guests thought proper to disregard the social proprieties of a complimentary dinner; but on the whole the festival passed prosperously off, and the Liberal party will feel additional confidence in a Government which enters on its functions in a spirit neither diffident nor unduly sanguine.

Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was perfect in a kind which, more than any other form of eloquence, commands popular confidence and admiration. No playfulness or levity disturbed the impression that he was undertaking an arduous duty under the pressure of deep convictions. His genius as an orator is closely connected with an earnest and impulsive character; and the entire absence of scepticism which sometimes perplexes educated men is, of all qualities, the most acceptable to the community. Notwithstanding the long and painful history of Ireland, Mr. GLADSTONE has still faith in a policy founded on justice; and he confidently believes that it will meet with a return of loyalty and gratitude. Nearly the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was devoted to the subject which, as he truly said, is at present uppermost and foremost in the mind of every politician. "We well know that there is nothing we can do in any other department of public affairs which can possibly compensate for failure in regard of the Irish question." It would have been inexpedient to anticipate the communications which must shortly be made to Parliament; but Mr. GLADSTONE's City speech virtually contradicts all the rumours of hesitation and compromise which have lately amused credulous newsmongers. It is certain that the whole power of the Government will be used to carry a measure not less sweeping than Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal of last year. The mechanical and incidental difficulties of a novel kind of legislation have perhaps not been overrated by the friends or by the enemies of the Establishment; but no great political measure is ever defeated by impediments of detail. It is not known even whether a Bill has yet been submitted to the Cabinet; but it will be introduced into the House of Commons immediately after Easter, if not earlier. In this contest Mr. GLADSTONE will not be embarrassed by any secession into a Cave or a tea-room. The majority is pledged at the hustings, not only to abolish the Irish Establishment, but to follow Mr. GLADSTONE; and when he has once obtained the assent of his colleagues to a definite measure, he may defy opposition. The report that two or three members of the Cabinet were inclined to adopt Lord RUSSELL's project was at the same time incredible and insignificant. Any difficulty of the kind would be settled by the immediate resignation of the dissentients, without any serious diminution of Ministerial strength. Although Mr. GLADSTONE is always eloquent, his speeches have sometimes been defective in a skill and judgment which were conspicuously displayed at Fishmongers' Hall. It was not without design that, in enumerating his grounds of confidence and encouragement, he dwelt for a moment on the ordinarily conventional topic of the constitutional support which will be afforded to the Ministers by the Crown. A graceful compliment contained the fittest answer to Mr. DISRAELI's questionable hints of the Royal preference for the late Ministers and dislike of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It was right to speak of the QUEEN's "delight in associating herself both with the interests and with the convictions of her people," and it was unnecessary to say more. The proposed Irish measures will be introduced with the sanction which has already been afforded to the provisional and preliminary legislation which was intended by the House of Commons to prepare the way for the approaching change.

In returning thanks for the House of Commons, Mr. LOWE was less happy than his chief. Whatever may be the merits of the great pen-mending question, a petty saving forms but an unimpressive peroration to an argument in favour of public frugality. Such reforms may perhaps not be unworthy of a

great nation, as, indeed, there is no reason why economists should not pare their cheese instead of slicing off the rind; but a Finance Minister, in propounding the general policy of his Government, might be expected to think of more important matters than the nibs of office-pens. The representative for the moment of the House of Commons might also have abstained from exaggerating the faults of his clients, who, according to Mr. LOWE, are always urging upon successive Governments the extravagance which it is their theoretical business to check. Private members probably assume that it is the duty of the Ministers to watch with vigilance over demands which may nevertheless be properly preferred. It is too much the fashion at present to take it for granted that all schemes involving public outlay are necessarily objectionable.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech was conspicuous for an entire disregard of all fitness of time, place, and circumstance. In the habitual conviction that political life is essentially a long-continued quarrel, Mr. BRIGHT always makes a public dinner an opportunity for saying as many disagreeable things as possible. It was quite unnecessary to say that the late revolution had involved no injury, except to certain political reputations; or, if it was excusable to sneer at Mr. DISRAELI, neutral objects of Mr. BRIGHT's dislike might at least have been spared. Because the same Company which was entertaining the Ministers had two or three days before invited the chief dignitaries of the Church, Mr. BRIGHT thought fit to deliver himself of a series of ill-natured and unseasonable taunts against the Bishops. It happened that the Archbishop of York had, in the course of an unusually pleasant and genial speech, professed to regard the Bishops, in their capacity of life-peers, as the most Liberal section of the House of Lords. An ecclesiastical joke, even when it contains sufficient truth to save it from frivolity, is intolerable to Mr. BRIGHT, who is himself, on occasion, abundantly humorous. "He almost envied the right reverend gentlemen who could be so hilarious on such an occasion." The right reverend gentlemen showed greater aptitude in adapting their language to the occasion than Mr. BRIGHT himself. His colleagues were perhaps but little gratified with the announcement of his determination to prosecute the abolition of indirect taxes. The arguments in favour of such a policy may be plausible, and perhaps forcible; but a Cabinet Minister is not justified in propounding a separate and popular project of his own which may perhaps be opposed to the opinions of the Government. The free breakfast-table, to be liberated either by a sacrifice of ten millions of revenue, or more probably by an equivalent increase of direct taxation, indicates Mr. BRIGHT's determination to propound a separate policy, even when he is bound to act in concert with the rest of the Ministry. More serious mischief may be done by a public declaration that England is as far from free trade as the Protectionists of America. Mr. BRIGHT has forgotten the meaning of free trade when he confounds a revenue raised from tobacco with duties which are primarily intended, not to supply the wants of the Government, but to enrich certain classes of producers. His prejudice in favour of everything American indisposes him to allow the superiority of England even where it is most entirely unquestioned. It is perhaps not a very grave defect to be wanting in tact; but Mr. BRIGHT is apparently deficient in the art of making a public dinner pleasant.

THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE Dublin case is in some respects the most important of those that have been decided. Everything about it was on a gigantic scale. Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS, the sitting member, whose seat was attacked, spent 16,000*l.* on his election. He had 800 paid agents. Five-pound notes were given in the most lavish way by a man hid behind a chest of drawers. A whole class of persons, the notorious Dublin freemen, are pronounced by the Judge to be more or less corrupt. Every friend of a man who was at once popular and rich was willing to take part in the exciting work, and to benefit by it. A colonel charged for his cars; a captain received increasing weekly wages; a member of the Bar accepted 45*l.* for bringing a set of the most wretched among the voters to the poll. The governor of a prison announced that the vote of a person in his custody could be had for 4*l.*, and most handsomely, on learning that the man's vote would be useful, paid the money himself, and sent his prisoner to the poll. A person holding a position in a public office condescended to be one of the actual instruments in dealing out the five-pound notes. On the other hand, the petitioners had gone to the most unsparing lengths in buying up evidence, and had offered what the Judge pronounced to be a small fortune to

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those who came forward and described how they had taken the notes flung in their way. Lastly, the judgment itself was a most elaborate and florid performance, and in the finest style of Irish oratory. It was enriched with a variety of quotations from SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and CICERO *de Officiis*, which last author the Judge "took leave to translate." It was epigrammatic and brilliant on slimy vices, on the floodgates of corruption, on the devious and corrupt ways of guilt, and on the uses to society of the Conservative party. Mr. Justice KEOGH honestly owned that he was not of the same mind as some of his English brethren, and that he thought the transfer of the trial of petitions to the Judges was a very good thing. And, indeed, it is impossible to suppose any man could deliver such a judgment without enjoying the task. Still, though composed after a pattern alien, perhaps, to English taste, the judgment was comprehensive, lucid, and to the point. But it is not easy to see why the Judge went out of his way to pour compliments on the head of Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS. Any one who reads these compliments, which on this side of the Channel would appear strained and fulsome if bestowed on the most discreet, watchful, and scrupulous of candidates, would suppose that Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS had acted so as not merely to escape reproach, but to deserve the highest credit. What, as a matter of fact, Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS appears to have done was this. He opened two credits for 6,000*l.* each, in favour of two of his agents, leaving them to spend the money as they thought proper. He subscribed, shortly before the election, 3,800*l.* to a Conservative Registration Society; he engaged 800 paid agents. He exhausted the vocabulary of agency; he allowed his private secretary to be on the committee of a ward, with a special committee under it, presided over by a person appointed by this private secretary, which special committee was simply occupied in wholesale bribery. He allowed all his friends to live on him, and to make odds and ends of money out of him; and he did all this in a city where thousands of persons had votes as freemen whose previous corruption was notorious, and whose failings and weaknesses he showed that he knew by hiring a large staff of persons specially designated as "care-takers for freemen." Of course he had nothing to do with the bribery; candidates never have; and of course he gave the strictest injunctions to his agents to be perfectly pure; candidates always do give these instructions. There was nothing whatever to fix him with a legal knowledge of bribery; but there was certainly nothing to compliment him about. No man could have a right to spend 16,000*l.* on an election in a city like Dublin, where there was quite enough known of the habits of a large section of the electors to put him on his guard, and to convince him that at the very best the expenditure of so enormous a sum must tend to demoralize his neighbours. We cannot help thinking that if Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS had had his case submitted to an English Judge, and his conduct had been tested by the standard of a country more accustomed to big brewers and therefore less dazzled by their greatness, the remarks to which he would have had to listen would have been much less flattering.

The Cheltenham case may be taken as almost the exact opposite of the Dublin case. At Cheltenham the petition wholly failed, and Mr. Baron MARTIN expressed his opinion that the election had been conducted very properly on both sides, and was in fact most creditable to the town, and especially to those who were newly enfranchised. It might seem, therefore, that the petitioner had taken a most unjustifiable course in presenting a petition. But the facts given in evidence showed how very difficult it is for a petitioner to know whether he can make out a case or not. There has been conduct on the other side which naturally tends to excite him with indignation and suspicion. He gets together a great number of facts, all seeming to show that he has been very badly treated; and if he is rich, he determines to try his luck and see what can be done to make out a winning case. He has to begin by paying for evidence, and one of the Judges has remarked this week, that he is quite at liberty to do so. The Act itself sets the example by bribing persons to give evidence, for it promises impunity to those who disclose their offences. The evidence of a witness who is to be paid for giving it is open to comment, but still the transaction is pronounced to be a proper one, certainly on the part of the petitioner, and perhaps on the part of the witness. It is exceedingly difficult to collect evidence for a petition, and a petitioner can scarcely tell, until the last moment, whether the evidence he has procured will hold water or not. Mr. GARDNER, the defeated candidate at Cheltenham, collected a great quantity of evidence which utterly broke down. But the facts which came to his knowledge were quite enough to encourage him to

proceed. The charges against the sitting member were undue influence and bribery, no attempt to show treating being made. Mr. GARDNER ascertained that the other side had brought some of the choicest blackguards they could find from Birmingham, and these roughs attacked and beat a detective in the employment of Mr. GARDNER; hustled and carried off to the rival committee-room a solicitor who was one of Mr. GARDNER's paid agents; and a body of them, twenty-five strong, kicked Mr. GARDNER's canvassers out of a public-house. The charge of bribery was divided into two heads—the offer or giving of actual money and the payment of rates. Mr. GARDNER ascertained that on two occasions agents of his opponents had pulled out five-pound notes while canvassing poor people, and that 140 persons had their rates paid for them, the receipts being sent by post in an envelope. Here was certainly enough to inspire a strong hope that a petition might be presented with success. It turned out that in each case the link to connect what was ascertained with the sitting member was wanting. The conduct of the "roughs" might have been good evidence, if an allegation of general intimidation had been made; but the petition did not allege general intimidation, and Mr. Baron MARTIN held that, unless it was expressly alleged, it could not be proved. There was nothing to show that any particular voter had been intimidated, and the large number of votes which Mr. GARDNER polled showed that his voters either were not much scared by the roughs of his opponents, or that they were sufficiently encouraged by the "lambs" whom Mr. GARDNER himself employed. There was nothing to show that the rates had been paid on behalf of the sitting member, or in order to determine the voters to vote for him; and the witnesses who had seen the banknotes in the hands of the canvassers were unable to state that any offer to purchase a vote had been made with them. So all the evidence came to nothing. But such a case must necessarily act as a discouragement to bringing petitions. No one can say that petitions ought to be encouraged, or that sitting members ought to be put to the anxiety and trouble of defending their seats, unless there is a very substantial case against them. But the whole system now invented to check corrupt practices depends on petitions being presented; and petitioners must be deterred from going to a vast expense in collecting evidence and presenting a petition, when they see how hard it is to make out a winning case, even when they have ascertained enough to awaken very legitimate suspicion. In one way it is a gain that it should be hard, for otherwise seats might be too precarious; but in another way it is a loss, for a defeated candidate may be deterred from exposing corrupt practices where they have really existed, by considering how probable it is that he will not be able to collect sufficient evidence.

The Wallingford case ended in the failure of the petition, and Captain VICKERS was confirmed in his seat. But Sir CHARLES DILKE, the defeated candidate, has since declared that he lost his election because the influence of the employers of labour was too strong for him. This must not be hastily accepted as the expression of the pique felt by a disappointed man. Case after case shows that weekly labourers, to whom as a class the suffrage has for the first time been given by the Act of 1867, are so utterly dependent on their masters, that they cannot vote with any sort of freedom when the masters are strong political partisans. In many instances they do not want to vote at all, for they feel hurt at not being allowed a choice, and they would like to escape all trouble and annoyance and not vote. As a witness said at Westbury, the labourers whom he canvassed mostly expressed a wish to vote for "Nairn," by which they meant "nobody." But a strong-minded master does not at all approve of his labourers voting for "Nairn." He requires them to vote for his friend. At Westbury election was invalidated because it was fortunately possible to prove that an employer of labour, who had been accused of using his influence, was an agent of the candidate; but for the future those who wish to determine an election by putting pressure upon their servants will take care not to be agents, as the trifle earned by an agent will be no object to them. How strong this pressure may be is amply illustrated by the evidence given at Tamworth. There may have been no complicity between Sir ROBERT PEEL and his steward in the matter, and this steward used his influence, not to make the poor in his power vote for Sir ROBERT PEEL, which they were all glad to do, but vote for another candidate, whose agent, perhaps, the steward was not. The steward himself, too, may place his conduct in a light that will justify him, but no one can doubt that a great number of poor cottagers honestly believe that they were turned out of their houses because they de-

clined, when ordered, to vote for Sir HENRY BULWER. It is because, from all parts of the country, a number of Liberal members have come up with the conviction that weekly labourers are in a state of hopeless dependence, that the Ballot is demanded with an earnestness never known before. The popular way of putting it is, that the Ballot is ascertained to be the necessary complement of the Reform Bill, and that persons who are in the position of weekly labourers ought not to have votes at all unless they are protected by secret voting. But as it is impossible to repeal the Reform Bill, the only remedy, it is said, is to have the Ballot. If it were only that the dependence of weekly labourers on employers was established in the few isolated cases revealed at the trial of election petitions, the reply would be obvious, that it is absurd to take a gravestep in legislation because some people have been guilty of petty tyranny in half a dozen boroughs. But this does not describe the real facts. The cases in which this petty tyranny has been judicially established bear only a very small proportion to the cases where Liberal members think that they have only won their seats with great difficulty because pressure has been exercised on helpless labourers, or where Liberal candidates think they have been defeated although a decisive majority of the constituency was secretly with them. Nor is it at all likely that an influence so easy, so natural, and in a sense so pleasant to use, has been exercised solely against the Liberals; and Conservatives may here and there have much the same story to tell on their side. Those who disapprove of the Ballot should be warned in time, and carefully note the new shape the question has assumed. The Ballot will, during the coming Session, be advocated, not on theoretical grounds, but as the inevitable consequence of the Reform Bill, and it will be supported by men who will not be touched by general arguments, but who will be guided by the memory of facts within their own personal knowledge.

IMPERIALIST POLICY.

THE passage of arms between M. MAUPAS and M. ROUCHER which yesterday week relieved the usual monotony of the proceedings in the French Senate is just one of those events to which, under some circumstances, men look back as the first indication of coming change. It is necessary to say "under some circumstances," because occurrences of this kind are apt to be deceptive, and those who profess to read their meaning are quite certain to be oftener wrong than right. With this limitation, however, it may be safely said that the parts played by the two speakers are extremely curious and suggestive. Why did M. MAUPAS say what he did, and why was M. ROUCHER so unaccountably angry with him for saying it? It is not the custom of the Minister of State to abuse the EMPEROR's friends with the frank candour with which he abused M. MAUPAS. If at any time they blunder into an inconvenient originality of view, they are usually forgiven in consideration of their good intentions, and allowed to flatter themselves that they have given the Empire a species of Parliamentary support. M. ROUCHER's demeanour towards M. MAUPAS was wholly free from official civilities of this kind. If M. MAUPAS had been an Opposition Deputy, or a member of one of the "old parties," he could hardly have been rated more roundly. An ex-Minister of Police and one of the authors of the *coup d'état*, he was nevertheless told that, in taking up the theme he had chosen, he was allying himself with all those who wish to change the vessel that they may change the hand that guides it. Neither past services nor present professions could save M. MAUPAS from the imputation of political heresy. To propose to make M. ROUCHER responsible seems to be identical, in the opinion of M. ROUCHER himself, with scheming to dethrone the EMPEROR. If M. MAUPAS had made the Minister of State a public offer of the Crown, he could not have been more anxious to disclaim the gift. His confession of his own unworthiness sounds like the lament of a hermit saint. With an alteration here and there, his reply to M. MAUPAS might have been uttered by St. SIMEON STYLITES in a moment of exceptional despondency. "Not one of us," cries M. ROUCHER, "is great enough to play the part you assign to 'us.'" "In presence of universal suffrage there is but one man 'who by the grandeur of his services can be responsible to 'the nation, and that man is the Sovereign himself.'" We, his Ministers, may claim a sort of imputed righteousness in virtue of our relations with him, but that is all. To think anything else of ourselves would be infatuation and ingratitude. We, in common with all France, are but the clay in the hands of the Imperial potter. All the liberties we enjoy, our economical reforms and legislative powers, the laws about the press and the right of meeting in public, "all is due to the generous

"initiative of the Sovereign." You have talked about a President of the Council—M. MAUPAS had indeed hinted that of late M. ROUCHER had taken that office upon himself—"it is 'a puerility.'" There is no Council, and consequently there can be no President. "We are all devoted servants of the 'EMPEROR—nothing more and nothing less.'"

It is no wonder that the Minister of State sat down amidst loud applause. And yet, when the last echoes had died away, the Senators who had listened to him must have asked themselves the same question that is suggested to the readers of his speech. What does it all mean? Men of M. ROUCHER's stamp do not commonly lose their temper and their self-control without an underlying purpose. That they seem to be carried out of themselves is sometimes merely an evidence that they are acting with more than usual forethought. In cold blood M. ROUCHER could not have used such language about the EMPEROR without the imputation of gross flattery. Uncontrollable enthusiasm is an admirable vehicle in which to administer praises which defy the restraints of common sense. But if the supposition that M. ROUCHER's eloquence was the artless outpouring of a heart which could no longer restrain its hidden fires be dismissed as altogether inconsistent with his character and position, what theory can be offered in its stead? We were told the other day that the secret why there are so many small hospitals in London is, that there are so many doctors who cannot practise in the great hospitals. May not M. MAUPAS's interpellation be the expression of a somewhat similar feeling? An ambitious man who sees no chance of becoming a member of an irresponsible Ministry may come in time to see extraordinary virtues in a responsible one. To recur to our illustration, it is often easier to set a new hospital going than to gain admission to practise in one already existing, and in like manner M. MAUPAS may think he stands a better chance of persuading the EMPEROR to try the experiment of a complete change of system than of commending himself to his notice as an instrument by which to carry on the Government in its present form. Nor can it be denied that he brought forward some very cogent arguments for the proposed modification of the Constitution. Public opinion is a good deal less fettered in France than it was a few years ago. The change in the press law has justified the expectations of the Opposition, and proved a real, if a small, step in the direction of liberty. To be subjected to the judiciary instead of the executive does go for something, even when the tribunal is the Correctional Police. But as matters stand now, every criticism provoked by the acts of the Government falls directly upon the EMPEROR. His "responsibility," indeed, is nothing more than a figure of speech, since it can be enforced by no sanction short of a revolution; but, notwithstanding this, NAPOLEON III. may occasionally feel that to have Ministers to bear the burden of his mistakes might be preferable to having himself to bear the burden of his Ministers' mistakes. From this point of view, M. MAUPAS's interpolation was simply a bid for the EMPEROR's confidence; and M. ROUCHER's indignation may perhaps be attributable to a lurking fear that his master might be attracted by the offer.

It is possible that the Imperial decision will be in some measure influenced by the result of the coming elections. If the Minister of State can keep the Government majority undiminished, and thus prove that the bulk of the population is unaffected by the storms which agitate the varying currents of Parisian society, he may fairly claim to have made good his case. According to the very able "Parisian Correspondent" who has lately contributed to the *Times*, the authorities have not limited their ambition to obtaining a large vote in the Corps Législatif. They nourish a bolder design than this, and have views of defeating the Opposition in the field which is specially its own. The Government is doing its best to secure a victory in Paris by sowing divisions in the enemy's camp. Its recent defeats have all been owing to one cause—the growing willingness of the various parties which are disaffected towards the Imperial Constitution or the BONAPARTIST dynasty, to make common cause against the common adversary. By the double process of starting candidates of all shades of opinion, in order to test the quarter in which the Opposition strength lies, and then concentrating all the independent votes upon the candidate who secures most support, more than one official nominee has been rejected, and if the experiment can be tried on a large scale next May, it may possibly be attended by a very conspicuous success. The policy of the Government is now, therefore, directed to breaking up the Liberal union, and in order to effect its purpose it is not afraid to conclude a tacit alliance with the Socialist democracy. That section of opinion is strongly represented in Paris, and it has always cherished a warm, though of late years a latent, hatred

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towards the moderate Republicans. This certainly helps to explain M. BAROCHE's lenity to the meetings of the Socialist clubs. It is not only that he wants to frighten the *bourgeois* element in the Opposition; he also expects to gain something by exciting the working-class element. To men who have been feeding on denunciations of property and marriage, the ordinary topics of political discussion will seem tasteless enough, and as the candidates whom the Empire has hitherto had most cause to fear in Paris belong for the most part to the Republicanism of which General CAVAIGNAC is the accepted type, the Government is perhaps playing its cards well in resuscitating the passions which have slumbered since the days of June. M. ROUHER probably feels secure against the Socialists being sufficiently strong to return a Deputy of their own, and even if by some unexpected combination they should succeed in doing so, he might console himself with the reflection that the terror of the middle classes would be at least as great as the discomfiture of the Government. No doubt in a country like France it is a dangerous line to take. But men are largely the creatures of their own antecedents, and in M. ROUHER's case these are not of a kind to dispose him to make overtures to the Parliamentary Imperialists. That the latter do not despair of getting their turn may be judged from the fact that M. MAUPAS has thought it worth while to offer himself as their leader.

MR. TREVELYAN AND THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

A PARAGRAPH from the *Army and Navy Gazette* has been lately going the round of the papers to this effect:—

"We understand that Mr. TREVELYAN, after his speech at Hawick, voluntarily tendered his resignation of his office to Mr. GLADSTONE, and though it was not accepted, Mr. TREVELYAN expressed to His Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF his regret in a manner which was at once accepted by His Royal Highness."

The substance of this intimation was pretty generally known some time before it appeared in print, and it was also commonly rumoured, with much probability, that HER MAJESTY was most averse to the acceptance of the resignation which Mr. TREVELYAN had tendered on account of the unintentional slight which his language had been supposed to cast upon the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. Now that the matter has been made public it is of some importance to consider its significance, and to ascertain what the error was which called for an expression of regret from a rising young member of the Liberal Government. In the early part of last month Mr. TREVELYAN had to thank his constituents for returning him again after his acceptance of office, and he did so in a speech which, notwithstanding the error he has since acknowledged, was one of the very best, and quite the most genuine, of all that were delivered by the incoming Ministers. Among other things, Mr. TREVELYAN is reported to have said this:—

"We want men who are soaked through and through with public spirit, men who are born radicals in the best sense of the word, men who have the same ingrained desire to have the public business done well and cheaply that a manufacturer has to get the best labour at the lowest rate. And, unless there is nothing in antecedents, such men you have at length got; and we may hope that, under the blessing of Providence, the nation may learn by a satisfactory experience that true efficiency is identical with true economy. . . . I do not know much as yet about the War Office; but I know the gentlemen at the head of the War Office have a terrible task before them. They have opposed to them two tremendous influences—the influence of the aristocracy and the influence of the Court. I do not mean by the influence of the Court to say one word against any member of the Royal Family, whom I with you affectionately respect; but I do maintain that it is not right that a Royal Duke should be placed permanently in such a position as that of Commander-in-Chief. He is not responsible to the nation in the same manner that a peer is responsible, who goes out with the Government. He is not responsible in the same manner that a commoner is, who, if he does wrong, has a chance of being cut out of public life altogether."

Excellent as is the tone of this passage, it is obvious that the remarks about the Duke of CAMBRIDGE ought not to have been made, and it is equally clear that Mr. TREVELYAN sees that they were a mistake, or he would have pressed the acceptance of his resignation in preference to expressing his regret. Such an error, in the excitement of a hustings speech, is nothing of which any politician need be ashamed, but it is not the less an error, for more reasons than one. In the first

place, the question raised was one too delicate and too grave to be opened by any subordinate member of a Government without the express authorization of his chief. In the next place, the present time is most inappropriate for raising any such discussion. But the most serious objection is that the language used implies (though it was probably not intended to imply) that the difficulties of the War Office and the mischief of the dual government are wholly or mainly due to the fact that just now the Head of the Horse Guards is a Royal Duke, and this, as Mr. TREVELYAN is evidently now aware, is untrue, and therefore unfair. It is important that these considerations should be borne in mind, because in their absence the rebuke to which Mr. TREVELYAN has had to submit might otherwise seem to indicate dispositions on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Cabinet which we believe do not exist, and which, if they did exist, would be most discreditable to any Liberal Ministry. We make no apology, therefore, for enlarging upon the subject.

That the question raised by Mr. TREVELYAN ought not to have been raised by him is abundantly clear. We all know that members of the Royal Family are under very serious unavoidable disabilities. A Prince of the Blood can never aspire to a leading position in political life. This is unalterably fixed, not only by accepted traditions, but by common sense. The same traditions have nevertheless sanctioned the acceptance by the kinsmen of the Sovereign of military and naval commands. The command in chief of the army lies on the border line between the prohibited and the permitted offices, and we do not say that, under certain circumstances, it might not fairly be treated as a moot question whether the functions of a Commander-in-Chief do not partake so much of a political character as to render it desirable that they should not be exercised by a Prince of the Blood. But it is obvious that so delicate a question ought not to be raised by any member of the Government without the full concurrence of the Cabinet; and we will add that it would be matter for deep regret if it should be found necessary at any time to narrow the already limited field within which it is still competent for members of the Royal Family to seek a public career. Any restrictions which needlessly withdraw from the service of the nation the class of Englishmen of the most exalted rank are detrimental, not only to those who are excluded, but to the country, whose interests are concerned in giving to the family which furnishes the occupants of the Throne sufficient opportunities of patriotic work to season what might otherwise prove a very profitless and purposeless existence. So long, therefore, as the performance by members of the Royal Family of such duties as those of the chief command of the army can be made compatible with efficient administration, we take it to be a positive gain to the country that this avenue to public life should not be closed by any rigid rule. The possible objections to such appointments are obvious, but not conclusive. It is, of course, conceivable that a Royal Duke might so far abuse the influence of his exalted station as seriously to impair the administration of the army; but this is only saying that a Royal Duke, like any other official, might be unfit for his position, and is no reason why Royal Dukes as such should be placed under a perpetual ban. It is also to be imagined that some Ministers might be too subservient to exert their proper prerogatives when they seemed to clash with the caprices of any one of illustrious rank. But this is only saying that some men may be better courtiers than statesmen, and would be a reason not for cashiering Royal Dukes, but for getting rid of unworthy Ministers. The suggestion of such possibilities as these would not help Mr. TREVELYAN's argument at all, unless he were prepared to say that no Royal Duke in office could be expected to keep within the functions assigned to him, and that no Ministry, however avowedly Liberal, could be trusted to check him if he exceeded his powers. We do not think so badly as this either of Princes of the Blood or of Cabinet Ministers, and we should hesitate to accept Mr. TREVELYAN's broad proposition, though it were propounded by the PRIME MINISTER himself.

The unseasonableness of the assertion was, however, much more serious than any error of policy which it may have involved. Just now it is of vital importance to readjust the faulty arrangements by which the position of the General Commanding in Chief and the Secretary of State for War are regulated, and to give to the Minister that complete control the want of which has so seriously impaired both the efficiency and the economy of army administration. Whatever diverts attention from this cardinal matter to other disputable and cognate questions is fatally mischievous, and nothing could more impede the efforts of reformers than the mistaken suggestion

of Mr. TREVELYAN, that the root of the evil lies not in the duality of the Horse Guards and the War Office and the intrigues to which it gives birth, but in the accident that at the present moment the Head of the Horse Guards happens to be a Royal Duke. The dual Government, and its inevitable accompaniment, the Horse Guards Plot, have subsisted as fully, and have been as mischievous, when the command in chief was held by soldiers without a drop of Royal blood in their veins, as they are now that the post is filled by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE; and the remedy is to be sought, not by excluding the highest rank from the command, but by bringing the office itself into due subordination to the Parliamentary Minister. Whether, if shorn of a mischievous and precarious independence, the position would have attractions for Royal Princes is a question which politicians need not consider, though we do not ourselves see why acknowledged subordination to a superior administrative Minister should be more incompatible with the dignity of Royal blood than subordination to a superior General in the field. And what makes any such objection the more absurd is the admitted fact that, when any matter of importance is concerned, such, for instance, as the selection of a General to command an army in the field, the Commander-in-Chief holds himself bound to give way to the decision of the Secretary of State. The so-called independence of the Commander-in-Chief, for which so much efficiency is sacrificed, means nothing more in actual practice than independence in inferior promotions and administrative obstruction. The ordinary patronage, and the control of the discipline of the army, would practically be retained by the Commander-in-Chief under any circumstances, and the obstruction caused by two rival sets of administrative officers is an evil which we have no doubt is as much deplored by the Head of the Horse Guards as by the Head of the War Office, though each is powerless to prevent it. One thing at least is clear, that if it would be wrong and impolitic to exclude Royal Dukes from the Command-in-Chief, it must be still more wrong and impolitic to give undue authority to the office for the purpose of making it palatable to Royal Dukes. And in point of fact almost all the difficulties to which we have referred have been found in past experience to arise from the anomalous authority given to the office of Commander-in-Chief, and not from the rank of its possessor for the time being. The vice is not in the appointment of this or that Commander-in-Chief, but in the studied ambiguity of the warrant which defines his position. By this warrant the military command and discipline of the army, and all appointments and promotions, are excepted from the department of the Secretary of State, and all powers relating to these matters are to be exercised and all such business transacted by the Commander-in-Chief and deemed to belong to his office, subject always to HER MAJESTY'S general control over the government of the army, and to "the responsibility of the Secretary of State" for the exercise of the Royal prerogative, and to any powers "formally exercised by the Secretary-at-War." And this precious document, which is simply a contradiction in terms, is the only authoritative definition of the relative positions of the Minister and the Commander-in-Chief! What wonder that all is confusion—that, instead of a few high administrative offices under the Minister, you have a staff of two or three great soldiers at the War Office, duplicated by a staff of four or five more great soldiers at the Horse Guards, always corresponding with and intriguing against each other, and doing less real work than half the number, at a third of the cost, would do if the whole government of the army were placed under a single responsible Minister, with the Commander-in-Chief as his first executive subordinate, to undertake the supervision of matters of discipline, promotion, and the like.

Two or three words changed in an unintelligible Royal warrant would clear away the whole confusion that has hitherto baffled every attempt at Army Reform, and even Mr. TREVELYAN might then be reconciled to the spectacle of a Royal Duke doing good service within the limits of what would still be the greatest military office in the gift of the Crown. It may be that a Ministry calling itself Liberal shrinks from proposing the only reform which can really give vigour to our army administration. It is possible, too, that the present COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF might object to an express limitation of powers which, when anything of importance has to be done, are always found to be more imaginary than real. But there is nothing in the past to justify either of these apprehensions. Mr. GLADSTONE has always professed, and we doubt not sincerely professed, his determination to let no consideration divert him from administrative reform. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, like all his predecessors, has constantly

acknowledged that in the last resort the Parliamentary Minister must be supreme. There is no real obstacle to the immediate unification of our divided centres of military government, unless it be in the timidity of a Cabinet whose right and duty it is, above all things, to be bold in the interests of the country. If Mr. GLADSTONE should prefer a temporizing policy, he will do more to countenance and justify in future such observations as those which Mr. TREVELYAN has at this juncture properly withdrawn, than it would be possible for any other man to do. And what is more serious, he may tempt the Liberal party to doubt whether, after all, Mr. TREVELYAN's glowing description of his colleagues as men "soaked through and through with public spirit," and burning with an "ingrained" desire to have the public business done well and cheaply, may not have been a trifle overcoloured. This is a matter which neither Mr. CARDWELL nor any other Minister could be expected to deal with single-handed. The responsibility rests upon the Cabinet, and it is mainly Mr. GLADSTONE'S character and reputation that are at stake.

LOCAL TAXATION.

LOCAL taxes undoubtedly fall heavily on the property on which they are raised, and it is natural that ratepayers should desire to extend their own liability to classes which are at present wholly or partially exempt. Chambers of Agriculture in various counties have lately discussed the question without approaching hitherto to a satisfactory solution. As other local taxes are levied on the same basis with the poor-rate, the nominal liability of stock-in-trade under the original Act of ELIZABETH has furnished many generations of landowners with an argument and a grievance. It has for various reasons been found impracticable to levy a tax on the shopkeeper's goods, although he pays, like his neighbour, on the premises which he occupies. In ELIZABETH'S days the stock of a country tradesman was perhaps too small to be worth the notice of the assessor or collector; and it is therefore only indirectly represented in the rental which regulates the assessment on lands and houses. In modern times stock-in-trade, properly so called, forms but a fraction of the large amount of personal property which escapes from the payment of rates. According to the statistics which are commonly quoted, the rateable property of England and Wales is below a hundred millions in annual value, while Income-tax is paid on between three and four hundred millions. On a low estimate it may be assumed that, if the real income of trade could be ascertained, taxable property would bear to rateable property a proportion of more than four to one. It has consequently been suggested, in the course of many discussions on the question, that the Treasury, or, in other words, the payers of Income-tax, should be charged with the sums which are now levied on rateable property; nor can it be denied that the proposal seems at first sight reasonable, or at least plausible. If a holder of English or foreign funds, or of Indian railway shares, chooses to live abroad, or in a cottage or garret at home, it might be desirable to make him pay his share towards the relief of the poor and the maintenance of the police; but long-established direct taxes have always brought with them a natural process of compensation and adjustment. Nearly all the real property in the kingdom has been bought, by the present owners or their predecessors, subject to payment of rates, which have also been taken into account in bargains with lessees and occupiers. It is better not to press the argument too far; but, on the other hand, financial legislators are bound to remember that in shifting the incidence of direct taxation they necessarily create a certain amount of disturbance. In some cases the balance of justice and convenience preponderates in favour of change, as when the exemption of the nobility from taxes was abolished in France, and in many other Continental States. The partial immunity of personality in England from local rates is less inconvenient, and incomparably less invidious.

It is not always an unmixed advantage that local administration tends to promote parsimony in expenditure. The ratepayer, and especially the farmer, abhors expensive innovations even when they involve undoubted improvement. The Financial Boards which, if members regard their husbands' pledges, will shortly be established in counties, may be expected in some cases to reduce the county rate from threepence to twopence three farthings in the pound; and, if reduction is impossible, they will steadily oppose any further increase. Under the justices the county rates are at present more carefully administered than any other fund arising from taxation; but the necessity of improved goals and of lunatic asylums has been generally recognised by landlords,

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and it is uncertain whether tenant-farmers will be equally enlightened. When Poor-law Guardians under another name control the county expenditure, the same narrowness of policy which prevails in the Unions will be combined with a laudable aversion to extravagance. The transfer of local burdens to the public revenue would supersede all provincial administration, with some advantage in respect of uniformity and efficiency, but with the loss of much interested vigilance. It may be confidently asserted that the country is not prepared for such a change, although the ancient belief in local government has been partially shaken. Even if the counties were inclined to surrender the control of their own affairs, the towns would insist on retaining the powers which are inseparable from local taxation; and the abolition of county rates, while borough rates were retained, would produce a flagrant anomaly. It might perhaps be more practicable to relieve the ratepayer as such from the heavy charge for the relief of the poor which affects town and country alike; but no kind of public expenditure tends to increase so rapidly, or with more deleterious results. The experience of the last few years has proved that in this department benevolence requires to be largely tempered with stinginess. It is perhaps a trifling consideration that the abolition of poor-rates would largely increase the proportionate cost of collecting other local taxes. The poor-rate generally amounts to more than two-thirds of the total sum levied, and the whole is collected at one time on the same assessment.

The owners and occupiers of land who are represented in Chambers of Agriculture almost always exaggerate their own large contributions to local rates. The towns pay a considerable portion of the poor-rate, and they tax themselves for other purposes far more heavily than their rural neighbours. The Boundary Commissioners found, last year, that no suburban population regarded the borough franchise as an equivalent for even the remote contingency of liability to the borough rate. It was with the full consent of the inhabitants, although the immediate object was to please Mr. BRIGHT, that the House of Commons perpetuated the disfranchisement of a populous part of the town of Birmingham. The county magistrates, or the future Financial Boards, may be less active than a Corporation, but they let their ratepayers off on easier terms. Recent legislation has given any district the opportunity of detaching itself for fiscal purposes from a county, by organizing itself under a Board of Health; but in the few cases in which rural districts have preferred the new constitution the only motive has been to escape from the provisions of the Highway Act. Within the limits of counties, houses and factories share, though not in equal proportion, the burdens imposed on the land; and county members have taken care that the railways which have increased the value of their possessions shall also relieve them from a considerable proportion of the rates. Railway shareholders pay in respect of their gross income, which is entirely in the nature of personality, a third or a fourth of the entire rate in some English counties. It is true that, after all deductions, agricultural land is subject to more than its proportional quota of local burdens; but landowners and tenants will do well to pause before they commence an agitation which might eventually not be confined to their immediate object. The occupier must be fully aware that, if rates were abolished to-morrow, any diminution of burdens would be taken into account at the next settlement with his landlord; and it is uncertain whether an additional Income-tax might not have absorbed the greater part of his immediate saving.

Landowners have taken little part in the discussion, being perhaps impressed with the prudence of "letting sleeping dogs be." Like the prize ox to whom BURKE compared his revolutionary Duke, they or their estates are already marked out in quarters, ribs, and sirloins, to be carved, not by confiscating Jacobins, but by financial reformers. They are threatened with an extension of the Succession duty, with a large increase of the Income-tax, if not with a tax on the property itself, and perhaps with a readjustment of the Land-tax. When the breakfast-table has become free, and when other taxes on consumption have been largely reduced, it will be in the power of those who pay little or nothing to determine both the amount and the distribution of taxes. Visible property, and land which is exceptionally conspicuous, will be the first to suffer, and it would be injudicious to supply agitators with the argument that landowners had recently devolved a portion of their burdens upon others. It is peculiarly inexpedient to tamper with the Income-tax, which must be increased threefold if it is to provide a substitute for local rates. When Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE concurred in the easy and unjust plan of throwing the whole charge of the Abyssinian

war on the payers of Income-tax, they established a mischievous precedent. An additional increase would revive the iniquitous demand for the total or partial exemption of professional and trading incomes; nor is it possible to say whether a reformed House of Commons would reject the proposal. It is far safer to pay rates and to grumble in silence, than to unsettle the present system of taxation. Those who still persist in the attempt to spread liability to rates over a larger area ought rather to insist that the Income-tax assessment shall be substituted for the rate-book, than to recommend a transfer of the burden from counties and Poor-law Unions to the Treasury. A rate levied on income might not be so liable to indefinite expansion as a large percentage added to the general Income-tax, but the whole system of local taxation would be completely changed. The greater part of the rate on all premises would be levied on the owner, who would afterwards recoup himself by adding the amount to the rent of his tenants. It is for the holders of real property to calculate whether the advantage of making fundholders contribute to the rates would be dearly or cheaply purchased.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE PUBLIC PRESS.

ANY word which falls from the CHIEF JUSTICE of England cannot but be weighty. It is better to err on the side, were it necessary, of unreasoning deference to one who holds Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN's place than to canvass minutely or strictly even his *obiter dicta*. A Judge conducting a great trial in the Queen's Bench may be excused for an excess of scrupulousness, especially while presiding over such a case as that of SAURIN *v.* STARR. Whatever safeguards he can secure both for his own and the jury's impartiality during the trial, however wearisome and needlessly protracted, the presiding Judge is bound to secure. As it is not now in England, as was the case in COKE's time, and as it is still in France, the Judge's business to help either one side or the other, and as it is contrary to our sense of justice that the Judge should exhibit any bias either way, especially in cases in which disputed points in religion are involved, and as we ask that he should not permit his own convictions to be unmistakably plain before a case is concluded, we have reason to be thankful that the highest Judge on the Bench imposes on us all that severe impartiality and rigid abstinence from all comments, or the expression of any opinion, on pending trials, which, in common of course with all his brethren, he is bound to show. The CHIEF JUSTICE has certainly laid down a very broad rule; and the circumstances under which it fell, or perhaps rather was elicited, from him are curious. On Wednesday last the *Times* published a leading article on this case of SAURIN *v.* STARR. Premising that "he had not the slightest wish to prejudge the case," the writer certainly contrived to disappoint his own wish, and did prejudge it. The *Times* objected "to be thought anticipating the verdict"; it "only expressed its entire credence" in the plaintiff's evidence. "Of course," the writer went on to say, "we are assuming the substantial truth of the poor lady's"—the plaintiff's—"evidence." The defendant was paralleled only by such mild folks as NERO and TIBERIUS. The "evidence to rebut the plaintiff's case" was pronounced to be "apparently not yet forthcoming," even before the defence had been opened. If there could be a case more thoroughly prejudged, if ever there were comments more studiously and elaborately intended to point out and enforce which way the verdict ought to go, if there was ever any heaping up of all the points on one side, shaping them, sharpening them, and directing their aim, or any argument more clearly or completely that of an advocate addressing the jury for the plaintiff than that published by the *Times*, our experience of Courts fails to recall it. The only thing ridiculous about the article, for it was undoubtedly an able one, was the barefaced and silly disclaimer of partisanship which was here and there stuck into a sufficiently clever and, for aught we are now concerned to say, proper argument.

Of this article the leading counsel for the defence complained next morning in open Court, and invoked the CHIEF JUSTICE's interference. "His Lordship had not read the article." "Would he read it?" His Lordship apparently did not exactly read it, nor exactly not read it; but he looked through it. Whereupon occurred what contemporaneous authorities describe very differently. According to the *Times* (report of Thursday), "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE observed that the article seemed not so much directed to the particular case, as to the general subject. Nevertheless, no doubt it would have been better had it been delayed." This is all that the *Times* reports of what was

said in Court. If this were all, or anything like all, that occurred, it would hardly be worth talking about. We might regret that the CHIEF JUSTICE did not read the article; for had he done so, he must have condemned its spirit and bias and prejudgment, and he would not have said what he is reported by the *Times* to have said, as there is probably not a person in the kingdom who, after reading the article, could have persuaded himself that the article was not most pointedly "directed to the particular case." Or again, as his Lordship could not have read the article, we might regret that, after only looking at it in a hasty way, he gave any opinion at all about it. But apart from these considerations, which are perhaps trifles—perhaps not, though—all that the CHIEF JUSTICE seemed, as far as the *Times'* report goes, to say was, that the article was on the whole not much directed to the particular case—that there was not much to complain of—but certainly that "it," namely, this article, this particular article, "might better have been delayed."

The other newspapers give a very different account of what occurred. In an identical report given by all of them we find it stated that—

"Mr. HAWKINS called his Lordship's attention to a leading article that appeared in the *Times* this morning, commenting on the case in a manner that was likely to greatly prejudice the defendants' case, before they had had an opportunity of being heard.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—I have not had time to read the *Times* this morning further than the report of yesterday's proceedings.

"The FOREMAN of the JURY said he had just inquired of his brother jurymen, and they informed him they had not seen the article.

"Mr. HAWKINS handed the paper to his Lordship, who looked over the article.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said: I confess I think it would have been better if the writer had waited until the case had ended, because observations made in the public press are likely to prejudice a case; and, at all events, it is likely to give annoyance to persons interested. From the cursory glance I have had of the article, I don't think the defendants have much to complain of.

"Mr. HAWKINS.—I am not in the least making this application to your Lordship because I believe that the jury will be prejudiced by it, but it is painful to the defendants to have these comments made before the case is ended. If your Lordship will just read the end of the article, I think you will be of a different opinion.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—It appears to me to be a comment or criticism on conventual and monastic institutions—on the system rather than on the interests and rights of these parties.

"Mr. HAWKINS.—I will not say more than ask your Lordship to express an opinion upon the matter.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Whilst I am ready to give the fullest latitude to the observations made by writers of the public press on what passes in Courts of justice, it is very desirable nothing should be said before a case is ended."

This, we need hardly remark, is a very different matter from what, according to the *Times*, occurred. The real facts seem to be these—that the CHIEF JUSTICE, from a tenderness, perhaps very natural, to the ability (we will not say to the bias) displayed by the writer in the *Times*, was very desirous, on such evidence as "a cursory glance" afforded, to let the *Times* down very mildly indeed; and had the subject dropped where the *Times* reporter drops it, the dictum from the Bench only amounted to this, that newspaper comments on a general subject, while a particular instance involving the general subject is before a Court of justice, do not do much, if any, harm; and that though, in this particular instance, it might have been better to pause, this was a matter, after all, fairly within the discretion of a newspaper writer to judge one way or the other.

And we must add that we should have said much the same thing; at any rate, we were about to act upon some such view of our own responsibilities as public writers. We had intended to-day to publish an article on the Conventual Life, written and set up in type before the CHIEF JUSTICE spoke. Several of our weekly contemporaries have done so; the *Spectator*, for example, and the *Guardian*. These journals have, on the whole, fairly avoided the details of the case, or the evidence in *SAURIN v. STARR*, although they have commented on conventual institutions and their general working. We too had tried to do the same; and had the *Times* done only what it pretended to do, and what the CHIEF JUSTICE on a cursory glance pronounced that it had done, and

had confined itself to an essay on conventual life in general, and on its difficulties, dangers, and errors, we should certainly have found no fault with the *Times*, because we were prepared to do exactly the same thing.

But besides this indiscretion on the part of the *Times*, in exhibiting partiality in so gross a form, we have to observe on what we consider a more culpable fault in that journal. If the report of what occurred in the Queen's Bench given by the other London newspapers is accurate, we cannot see how the *Times* is to be relieved from the imputation of garbling and suppressing what fell from the CHIEF JUSTICE. Pressed by Mr. HAWKINS, the CHIEF JUSTICE at last delivered this broad opinion:—"It is very desirable that nothing should be said by writers in the public press before a case is ended." This may be very disagreeable to the *Times*, for not only does the judgment thus summarily expressed by the CHIEF JUSTICE condemn *in toto* the leading article of Wednesday which was complained of, but it chokes off a whole set of articles which probably were ordered for the whole of next week; and it throws by anticipation considerable odium, not only on them if they are forthcoming, but on similar disquisitions of the same impartially partial character. Indeed, we may say that we suffer by his Lordship's judgment, for we must at least postpone the publication of our poor thoughts on the subject. However, perhaps it is as well to have got this authoritative judgment, though somewhat broadly expressed. The silence thus summarily enforced on the press is, it may be, for the best. At any rate we bow to the CHIEF JUSTICE's decision, and accept his principle, as in entire accordance with justice, fair judgment, and right dealing between man and man. Its incidence is wide, and it applies to other things than newspaper articles, and was perhaps intended to do so. Parties to a suit may find their feelings hurt, and juries certainly may be biased, or even intimidated or coerced, not only by the public press, but by other influences on which it is not so easy to lay a finger, still less to denounce.

ODDITIES.

WE now and then detect in a friend a dawning eccentricity which we have to accommodate to our previous experience of him. He surprises us by some departure from usage, he has fallen into some trick of speech, he allows himself to enlarge on topics of merely personal interest in a way that is strange to us. He is getting odd, we say; this habit of his is something new. On reflection we probably detect the germ of this unpleasant growth; but what set it growing? It may be some inevitable development which has only waited for freedom of action; it may arise from some sudden relaxation of self-control allowing the natural characteristics fuller play. It may be that the whole strength and activity of the man is declaring itself—faults and blemishes along with better things; or it may be a herald of intellectual or moral decline. Such speculations we can imagine to have perplexed the friends of that excellent Roman gentleman of whom we are told that he was a good man, full of sweetness, justice, and nobleness, but he would read his nonsense verses in all companies—at the public games and in private feasts, to sleeping and waking people. Every one was afraid of him; and though he was good, he was not to be endured. Whether this worthy could have helped it or not, it is certain that there are people constructed on so singular a mould that they may be pronounced born oddities. Education may strike out some fancies and give a turn to some queer propensities, but no education can reduce such persons to uniformity. They act through life on some occult principle of their own which outrages or defies general custom. They cannot see things as others do, they have a standard of their own on a hundred points where it were to be wished they could adopt their neighbour's. Even with the will to conform, they do not know how; they are literal where they should act in the spirit of a social precept; they understand nothing of the things that among other people are taken for granted; they learn nothing through their eyes; nobody is a guide or rule to them. They see no differences or distinctions in things similar; they blunder about times and seasons; they refine where subtleties are out of place; they go straight through stone walls of convention, wholly unconscious of the feat. Nothing that is obvious to us is obvious to them; nobody is like them and they are like nobody, not even like any other oddity. If they have good faculties, they set men talking of the eccentricities of genius, but in fact their good faculties have nothing to do with it. There are more odd people without intellectual excellence of any sort than with it; people perhaps who pass with fair credit through the world, but never mix or harmonize with others; whose ways are always different from other people's, and who excite aversion or indulgence according to their temper or the nature of their deviations from the approved model. Good and amiable oddities are a trial to their friends, but we recognise a use in them; they afford a relief to that uniformity of habit and manner which is likely to become wearisome in an over-civilized

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society. They freshen what might become a monotony of speech, more especially when there is in them any power of expression; and even without being witty or wise they suggest thought; they put puzzling questions, and force us to defend our habitual course of action. In fact, one of these eccentric spirits, if amiable in his aberrations, is often a favourite; his near belongings would gladly see him subside into the commonplace, but mere acquaintances are tolerant. His absence of mind, his breaches of rule, his wild invention in doing the wrong thing and missing the obvious one, all propitiate indulgence, and put other people in good humour with themselves. It is something, they perceive, even to be capable of following a lead gracefully. We believe this sort of native oddness, along with other forms of originality, belongs more to men than to women; that is, where a woman is odd, we find it easier to see the reason of it. Perhaps she has very early detected in herself more cleverness than beauty, and she resolves to be independent, and to take a line of her own. Under this idea a slight natural bias may become a very decided characteristic. She has only to encourage in herself strong likes and dislikes about immaterial things, matters not worthy of any strong feeling, to grow very quickly into eccentricity. There may be policy in it, for a credit for oddness brings a great amount of toleration where there is talent to support it. It amounts in some cases even to a sort of sanction or protection to a course of life which might otherwise be open to criticism. A good many women wander about the world alone using oddness as a panoply; and in one sense it is a very complete one, for men do not fall in love with odd women; though a vein of eccentricity may add spice and raciness, and a dash of humour to natural cleverness. Some women, however, fall into singularity by mistake, through despising commonplace and seeking to be original. They aim at intellectual distinction, and have no design whatever to outrage custom or to adopt a manner; but effort at originality can issue in nothing else than the odd and bizarre, and that of the least attractive kind. For oddness, to be tolerable, must at least be undesigned.

Yet few people who are odd have the excuse of an irresistible bent. When we think over the persons who incur the charge, we see that it need not have been so, and that some indulged vanity, indolence, cowardice, low taste or preference—something unamiable or inferior—is at the bottom of it. There is a form of rabid self-conceit which, once indulged, separates a man once for all from his fellows; we can only survey its excesses in wonder; all sympathy is stopped. The man is a mere victim to a passion; he is monstrous in the things he will believe about his deserts and his elevation above the whole human race; this is, however, rather a madness which has all his life bided its time, than oddness or eccentricity. Commonly what merits this name is the consequence of some weak spot, intellectual or moral, which he has natural acumen enough to be on his guard against, only that some persuasive, insinuating temptation, some craze of prying curiosity perhaps, or some subtle vanity, has proved too much for him. His oddities are not wide or general; he has only that one about his "nonsense verses"—that is, something he especially values himself upon. It may be some possession, lifted out of its due importance because it is his, some speciality, some distinction, some favourite or pet, or some pursuit. There are people eccentric simply on the amount of business they have to transact, which they will recapitulate and detail to others without any thought of the barrenness of the subject as one of general interest, or any comparison of their own state of mind under similar inflictions. It is undoubtedly an eccentricity for a man to entertain strangers with all that he has done in the course of a day, and yet a good many people are oddities in this way whom nature never meant for such. All forms of close occupation, of being thrown upon oneself, tend to set a man at odds with his fellows, are against his understanding them readily or moderating his tone to theirs. We are aware that here we trench upon the cognate subject of bores; but are not some bores emphatically eccentric, according to any true definition of the term? and in so far as people are odd are we not antipathetic towards them?

It is true that fiction utilizes eccentricities to its own purposes. We read and are amused; but a vast many things are entertaining in fiction which we keep at arm's length in actual life, because they do not amuse us at all. No person who has lost a sense, whose nature has left in permanent eclipse on certain points, is actually better company for the privation, though sometimes there are equivalents which more than compensate. In fiction, however, the oddity is always genuine, and so is the tolerable oddity in real life; he has no idea that he is odd, and is often oddest when he is most laboriously following what he thinks custom and precedent. But the eccentricities we have often to put up with have a provoking touch of self-consciousness about them, and are rather after the pattern of the "Second Solomon," "who, when he acted in the common concerns of life against common sense or reason, valued himself thereupon as if it were the mark of great genius," and "you cannot make him a greater compliment than by telling the company before his face how careless he was in any affairs that related to his interest or fortune." To be pleased at being odd, to aim at oddity in things indifferent, is in fact an insult to other people, and, whether we recognise the sensation or not, is felt as such.

Some forms of oddness do no doubt belong to men of great powers of abstraction and long-sustained thought. They can scarcely help falling into some odd ways, nor do we like them the less for lapses which in minutiae bring them below our level,

and claim our pity and forbearance. But in a former age such men alone were permitted the indulgence. "No man," says one, "ought to be tolerated in an habitual whim or particularity of behaviour by any who do not wait upon him for bread"; and Chesterfield recoils from all oddness, from any departure from sedulous accordance with the temper of the company you are in. He only allows, for example, two men of his own century the privilege of being absent in company—Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, and perhaps five or six more since the creation of the world. Even all studies were under a ban that found few to pursue them, and a taste for entomology, and such minuter inquiries into the secrets of nature, placed a man out of the pale of the absolutely sane and reasonable. Not to be amused with what amused other people, and to like what the rest of the world was indifferent to, were alike elements of distrust and separation. Of oddities and crotchets, however, that did not interfere with good fellowship, our forefathers were perhaps more tolerant than we. Yet the tone of those days is foreign to modern ideas, which affect the original and like some divergence from a type. Individually we should take it as no compliment to be assured that we at least are free from the possible charge of eccentricity, rather preferring to believe that something may lurk in us which shall strike others as a distinctive singularity. We are all ready to be thankful with Lacordaire, who in his pulpit congratulated himself that "By the grace of God he had a horror of what is commonplace;" though, like him, we may find ourselves mistaken when we come to close quarters with eccentricity, whether it shows itself in ignoring our presence, forgetting our tastes and prejudices, or outraging our notions of the *convenable*. A good many people are irreproachable in their common sense in every point but their jokes; then first we become alive to the eccentric element—we cannot go along with them. Southey had a system of jokes clustering round an allegorical butler, on which he bestowed vast pains, resulting to himself in infinite mirth, but which to the ordinary reader are *caviare* indeed—silly, childish, and unmeaning; and even greater wits have shown a turn for futile verbiage which they have not distinguished from their best humour. Nay, if the most sane as well as the divinest of poets had his eccentric side, it was to be detected here, in the power which a quibble had over him—"that fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it"; and in like manner there are lesser folks who would pass for sensible men if they could resist the odious eccentricity of punning. Good puns are heaven-born; we say nothing against them—nothing even against a chance bad one; but the horrible fatuity that makes mincemeat of thought and language, the long conspiracy against sense and reason of the inveterate punster, is, in the antipathy which it causes, and the separation it proves between the perpetrator and his kind, amongst the most marked as well as worst oddities that a man can inflict upon his fellows.

WIDOWS.

THERE are widows and widows. There are those who are bereaved, and those who are released; those who lose their support, and those whose chains are broken; those who are sunk in desolation, and those who wake up into freedom. Of the first we will not speak. Theirs is a sorrow too sacred to be publicly handled even with sympathy; but the second demands no such respectful reticence. The widow who is no sooner released from one husband than she plots for another, and the widow who leaps into liberty over the grave of a gaoler, not a lover, are fair game enough. They have always been favourite subjects for authors to exercise their wits on; and while men are what they are—laughing animals apt to see the humour lying in incongruity, and with a spice of the devil to sharpen that same laughter into satire—they will remain favourite subjects, tragic as the state is when widowhood is deeper than mere outward condition.

There are many varieties of the widow, and all are not beautiful. For one, there is the widow who is bent on re-marrying whether men like it or not—that thing of prey who goes about the world seeking whom she may devour; that awful creature who bears down on her victims with a vigour in her assaults that puts to flight the popular fancy about the weaker sex and the distribution of power. No hawk poised over a brood of hedge birds, no shark cruising steadily towards a shoal of small fry, no piratical craft sailing under a free flag and accountable to no law save success, was ever more formidable to the weaker things pursued than is the hawk widow bent on re-marrying. She knows so much; there is not a manoeuvre by which a victory can be stolen that she has not mastered; and she is not afraid of even the most desperate measures. When she has once struck, he would be a clever man and a bold one who could escape her. Generally left but meagrely provided for in worldly goods—else her game would not be so difficult—she makes up for her poverty here by her wealth of bold resources, and by the courage with which she takes her own fortunes in hand, and, with her own, those of her more eligible masculine associates. She is a woman of purpose, and lives for an end; and that end is re-marriage, with the most favourable settlement practicable on the occasion. If fate has dealt hardly by her—though, may be, compassionately by her successive spouses—and has landed her in the widowed state twice or thrice, she is in nowise daunted, and as little abashed. She merely retires after a certain time of anchorage, and goes out into the open again for a repetition of her chance. She has no notion of a perpetuity of

weeds, and, though she may have cleared her half century with a margin besides, thinks the suggestive orange-blossoms of the bride infinitely more desirable than the fruitless heliotrope of the widow. If one husband is taken, she remembers the old proverb, and reflects on the many, quite as good, who are potentially left subject to her choice. And somehow she manages. It has been said that any woman can marry any man if she determines to do so, and follows on the line of her determination with tenacity and common sense. The hawk widow exemplifies the truth of this saying. She determines upon marriage, and she usually succeeds; the question being one of victim only, not of sacrifice. One has to fall to her share; there is no help for it, and the whole contest is, which shall it be? which is strongest to break her bonds? which craftiest to slip out of them? which most resolute not to bear them from the beginning? This the straggling covey must settle among themselves the best way they can. When the hawk pounces down upon its quarry, it is *saute qui peut!* But all cannot be saved. One has to be caught, and the choice is determined partly by chance, and partly by relative strength. When the widow of experience and resolve bears down upon her prey, the result is equally certain. Floundering avails nothing; struggling and splashing are just as futile; one among the crowd has to come to the slaughter, like Mrs. Bond's ducks, and to assist at his own immolation. The best thing he can do is to make a handsome surrender, and to let the world of men and brothers believe he rather likes his position than not.

But there are pleasanter types of the re-marrying widow than this. There is the widow of the Wadman kind, who has outlived her grief and is not disinclined to a repetition of the matrimonial experiment, if asked thereto by an experimenter after her own heart. But in a pretty, tender, womanly way; if not quite so timidly as a girl, yet as becomingly in her degree, and with that peculiar fascination which nothing but the combination of experience and modesty can give. The widow of the Wadman kind is no creature of prey, neither shark nor hawk; at the worst she is but a cooing dove, making just the sweetest little noise in the world, the tenderest little call, to indicate her whereabouts, and to show that she is lonely and feels it. She sits close, waiting to be found, and does not ramp and dash about like the hawk sisterhood; neither does she pretend that she is unwilling to be found, still less deny that a soft warm nest, well lined and snugly sheltered, is better than a lonely branch, stretching out comfortless and bare into the bleak wide world. She, too, is almost sure to get what she wants, with the advantage of being voluntarily chosen and not unwillingly submitted to. This is the kind of woman who is always mildly but thoroughly happy in her married life; unless indeed her husband should be a brute, which heaven forbid. She lives in peace and bland contentment while the fates permit, and when he dies she buries him decently and laments him decorously; but she thinks it folly to spend her life in weeping by the side of his cold grave, when her tears can do no good to either of them. Rather she thinks it a proof of her love for him, and the evidence of how true was her happiness, that she should elect to give him a successor. Her blessed experience in the past has made her trustful in the future; and because she has found one man faithful she thinks that all are Abdels. As a rule, this type of woman does find men pleasant, and by her own nature ensures domestic happiness. She is always tenderly, and never passionately, in love, even with the husband she has loved the best; she gives in to no excesses to the right or to the left; her temperament is of that serene moonlight kind which does not fatigue others nor wear out its possessor; without ambition, or the power to fling herself into any absorbing occupation, she lives only to please and be pleased at home; and if she is not a wife, wearing her light fetters lovingly, and proud that she is fettered, she is nothing. As some women are born mothers and others are born nuns, so is the Wadman woman a born wife, and shines in no other character or capacity. But in this she excels; and knowing this, she sticks to her rôle, how frequently so ever the interlocutor may be changed.

There are widows, however, who have no thought or desire for remaining anything but widows—who have gained the worth of the world in their condition. "Jeune, riche, et veuve—quel bonheur!" says the French wife, eyeing "mon mari" askance. Can the most exacting woman ask for more? And truly such a one is in the most enviable position possible to a woman, supposing always that she has not lost in her husband the man she loved. If she has lost only the man who sat by right at the same hearth with herself—perhaps the man who quarrelled with her across the ashes—she has lost her burden, and has gained her release. The cross of matrimony lies heavy on many a woman who never takes the world into her confidence, and who bears in absolute silence what she has not the power to cast from her. Perhaps her husband has been a man of note, a man of learning, of elevated station, a political or a philanthropic power. She alone knew the fretfulness, the petty tyranny, the miserable smallness at home of the man of large repute whom his generation conspired to honour, and whose public life was a mark for the future to date by. When he died the press wrote his eulogy and his elegy; but his widow, when she put on her weeds, sang softly in her own heart a psalm to the great King of Freedom, and whispered to herself *Laudamus*, with a sigh of unutterable relief. To such a woman widowhood has no sentimental regrets. She has come into possession of the goods for which perhaps she sold herself; she is young

enough yet to enjoy, to project a future; she has the free choice of a maid and the free action of a matron, as no other woman has. She may be courted, and she need not be chaperoned, nor yet forced to accept. Experience has mellowed and enriched her; for though the asperities of her former condition were sharp while they lasted, they had not time permanently to roughen or embitter her. Then the sense of relief gladdens, while the sense of propriety subdues her; and the delicate mixture of outside melancholy, tempered with internal warmth, is wonderfully enticing. Few men know how to resist that gentle sadness which does not preclude the sweetest sympathy with pleasures in which she may not join—with happiness which is, alas! denied her. It gives an air of such profound unselfishness; it asks so mutely, so bewitchingly, for consolation. Even a hard man is moved at the sight of a pretty young widow in the funeral black of her first grief, sitting apart with a patient smile, and eyes cast meekly down, as one not of the world though in it. Her loss is too recent to admit of any thought of reparation; and yet what man does not think of that time of reparation? and if she is more than usually charming in person, and well dowered in purse, what man does not think of himself as the best repairee she could take? Then, as time goes on and she glides gracefully into the era of mitigated grief, how beautiful is her whole manner, how tasteful her attire! The most exquisite colours of the rampant kind look garish beside her dainty tints, and the untamed mirth of happy girls is coarse beside her faint subdued admission of moral sunshine. Greys as tender as a dove's breast; regal purples which have a glow behind their gloom; stately silks of sombre black, softly veiled by clouds of gauzy white—all speak of passing time, and the gradual blooming of the spring after the sadness of the winter; all symbolize the flowers which are growing ever on the sod that covers the dear departed; all hint at the melting of the funeral gloom into a possible bridal. She begins too to take pleasure in the old familiar things of life. She steals into a quiet back seat at the Opera; she just walks through a quadrille; she sees no harm in a fête or flower-show, if properly companioned. Winter does not last for ever, and a life-long mourning is a wearisome prospect; so she goes through her degrees in accurate order, and comes out at the end radiant. For when the faint shadows cast by the era of mitigated grief fade away, she is the widow *par excellence*—the blooming widow, young, rich, gay, and free; with the world on her side, her fortune in her hand, and the ball at her foot. She is the freest woman alive; freer even than any old maid to be found. Freedom, indeed, comes to the old maid when too late to enjoy it; at least in certain directions; for while she is young she is necessarily in bondage, and when parents and guardians leave her at liberty, the world and Mrs. Grundy take up the reins, and hold them pretty tight. But the widow is as thoroughly emancipated from the conventional bonds which confine the free action of a maid as she is from those which fetter the wife; and only she herself knows what she has lost and gained. She bore her yoke well while it pressed on her. It galled her, but she did not wince; only when it was removed did she become fully conscious of how great had been the burden, from her sense of infinite relief. The world never knew that she had passed under the barrow; probably therefore it wonders at her cheerfulness, with the dear departed scarce two years dead; and some say how sweetly resigned she is, and others how unfeeling. She is neither. She is simply free after having lived in bondage, and she is glad in consequence. But she is dangerous. In fact, she is the most dangerous of all women to men's peace of mind. She does not want to marry again—does not mean to marry again for many years to come, if ever; granted; but that does not say that she is indifferent to admiration or careless of men's society. And being without serious intentions herself, she does not reflect that she may possibly mislead and deceive others who have no such cause as she has for bawling of the pleasant folly. In the exercise of her prerogative as a free woman, able to cultivate the dearest friendships with men and fearlessly using her power, she entangles many a poor fellow's heart which she never wished to engage more than platonically, and crushes hopes which she had not the slightest intention to raise. Why cannot men be her friends? she asks, with a pretty, pleading look—a tender kind of despair at the wrongheadedness of the stronger sex. But, tender as she is, she does not easily yield even when she loves. The freedom she has gone through so much to gain she does not rashly throw away; and if ever the day comes when she gives it up into the keeping of another—and for all her protestations it comes sometimes—the man to whom she succumbs may congratulate himself on a victory more flattering to his vanity, and more complete in its surrender of advantages, than he could have gained over any other woman. Belle or heiress, of higher rank or of greater fame than herself, no unmarried woman could have made such a sacrifice in her marriage as did this widow of means and good looks, when she laid her freedom, her joyous present, and a potential future, in his hand. He will be lucky if he manages so well that he is never reproached for that sacrifice—if his wife never looks back regretfully to the time when she was a widow, and if there are no longing glances forward to the possibilities ahead, mingled with sighs at the difficulty of retracing a step when fairly made. On the whole, if a woman can live without love, or with nothing stronger than a tender sentimental friendship, widowhood is the most blissful state she can attain. But if she is of a loving nature, and fond of home, finding

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her own happiness in the happiness of others, and indifferent to freedom—thinking, indeed, feminine freedom only another word for desolation—she will be miserable until she has doubled her experience, and carried on the old into the new.

LORD SPENCER IN DUBLIN.

THOSE who set much store by the dignity of politics will probably think the Lord Mayor's Dinner at Dublin an event altogether beneath their notice. The corresponding festivity at the Guildhall is rendered important by the hints that occasionally drop from the Ministers' mouths as to the measures they may have in store for the Session. But a Lord-Lieutenant is bound to keep to himself anything he may know in this way, and the burden of the obligation is mercifully lightened by his knowing extremely little. And yet the banquet at Dublin last Monday may fairly claim some consideration from the observers of political phenomena. It stands out quite unmistakably from all similar hospitalities. By the confession of both parties it marks a step in the ecclesiastical revolution which Ireland is destined to undergo. True, it presents that revolution only in a social aspect. But to disregard the social side of political changes is to leave out of consideration the element which comes most home to the popular instinct. When disestablishment is over and done with, there may be little to remind the Dublin populace of the collapse of Protestant ascendancy. The evils resulting from the exceptional position of the Anglican Church in Ireland are probably more felt in country districts than in the great towns. But the fact that an Irish Cardinal and a Roman Catholic Lord Chancellor were going to meet the Lord-Lieutenant at the Mansion House was obvious to every street boy. There could be no better evidence that equality before the law is coming than that equality before the Master of the Ceremonies has already come. A very short time back the office now so worthily filled by Mr. O'Hagan was fast closed against all of his creed. To profess the religion of the vast majority of Irishmen was an insuperable disqualification for the highest place among the Judges of Ireland. The Prelate who, next to the Lord-Lieutenant, was the principal guest of the evening belongs to a communion which, within living memory, was proscribed and persecuted, and assumes in every official act a title which, by a law made not twenty years ago in the interest of the governing Church, it is still illegal to bear. The absence of any members of the Protestant Episcopate gave additional significance to the occasion. It was a natural, though unavailing, protest on their part against an inevitable change in their position. By and by they will accept the loss of that precedence which they have hitherto enjoyed, and be content with the rights conferred by seniority of appointment. Till then they may be pardoned for not waiving claims on which they may still legally stand, and praised for not insisting on a recognition of them which is no longer congruous with the declared policy of the nation. Lord Spencer's satisfaction at meeting Cardinal Cullen may at first sight seem inconsistent with the hope he expressed, that the religious differences which have too much separated parties in Ireland are gradually coming to an end. At least, if the presence of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin is to be purchased by the absence of the Protestant holder of the same title, it might be argued that the promised equality is nothing more than the aggrandizement of one Church at the expense of the other. Those who reason in this way forget that scales which have long been unequally weighted can only be made to balance by the momentary depression of the one which has hitherto been uppermost. The good sense of the Protestant Episcopate will no doubt prevent any prolonged self-exclusion from the hospitalities of the Castle or the Mansion House. The beneficial effects of that impartial justice in matters of religion which Lord Spencer rightly described as the main characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy were strikingly shown in the speech of Cardinal Cullen. It is a new thing for an Irish Roman Catholic bishop to draw a favourable contrast between the English and the Continental systems of Government, and to congratulate his countrymen upon their good fortune in living under the former. There is no greater mistake in politics than to assume that the nation which gives most trouble when governed ill will give most trouble when governed well. The causes which have made Ireland so hard to deal with in the years that are past may exert a directly opposite influence under changed conditions. A nation of quick feelings and strong affections will be likely to set even an exaggerated value on the concessions made to it by rulers in whose equity it confides, and of whose sympathy it feels sure. Whilst the Church remained established, we might have showered material advantages upon Ireland without effecting any real alteration in the popular sentiment towards us. The first genuine exhibition of a determination to do justice on this point has already gone far to remove that traditional suspicion of England which has so long been an insurmountable barrier to the unity of the Empire.

Exhortations to peace and charity may be regarded as the commonplaces of clerical oratory, but Cardinal Cullen descended, at the close of his speech, to very sound practical advice. New brooms are apt to fall into discredit because they do not sweep as clean as was expected, and it is of great importance that Irishmen should be reminded, by an authority which is likely to have weight with them, that the most reforming of Governments cannot break at once and altogether with the past history of the country. "You are not," said the Cardinal, "to be in too great a hurry; you are not to expect too much. It has taken a long time

to make Ireland what she is, and the work of three centuries is not to be undone in a day. You must help the Legislature to put things right, and not leave it to labour in the dark, without even the knowledge of what it is you really want." Lord Spencer had already struck the same note in his own speech. One of the greatest obstacles which English statesmen have to encounter in dealing with Ireland is the difficulty of appreciating political conditions with which they are wholly unfamiliar. Their experience of their own country gives them no help, and when they turn to Irish politicians for counsel they have too often been met with vague declamations or blank silence. No class of men has done less to ameliorate the condition of Ireland than the Irish members, and the cause of this may perhaps be found in the temper which has in so many cases led the popular constituencies to prefer exaggerated promises, with an occasional spice of sedition, to a steady and business-like pursuit of the real interest of the nation. Without fully sharing the Vice-regal assurance that if "those who understood the grievances of Ireland, who are the leaders of the people and have their confidence, will come forward to co-operate with the Government, many of those intricate and difficult questions that have for years puzzled politicians and political economists will find a ready solution," it is safe to say that the only road in which such a solution can be sought to any purpose is the united action of which Lord Spencer speaks.

A Lord-Lieutenant after dinner is nothing if he is not statistical, and Lord Spencer was able to quote one or two sets of figures which fairly supported his conclusion that the condition of Ireland is more hopeful than it has been for some years. The aggregate deposits in the private and Post Office Savings' Banks during 1868 exceeded those of 1859, the most favourable year since the famine, by 350,000*l.*, and, what is even more remarkable, the whole of this increase accrued in the last six months. Even these figures do but partially represent the amount of investment during the latter period, since a decrease of 738,000*l.* in the total deposits during the first half of 1868 was converted in the end into an increase of 428,000*l.* on the entire year. It should, however, be remembered, in connexion with this return, that though the increase of investments is a sign that there is more capital in Ireland, it is also a sign that it is not being turned to the best account. A large proportion of the 1,500,000*l.* in the Irish Savings' Banks, and of the 19,000,000*l.* deposited in the Irish Joint-Stock Banks, or credited to private customers in the Bank of Ireland, belongs to the tenant farmers, and if the terms on which capital can be laid out on land were more favourable to this class, much of the money which is now lying comparatively idle would go to effecting those numberless improvements for which there is so much room on almost every Irish farm. What Ireland wants is not so much an influx of English capital as a modification of the land laws which may enable Irish capital to find its natural development. Every one will agree with Lord Spencer in the wish to see the manufacturing element in Ireland largely increased. It is a safe aspiration to utter, because manufactures are not likely in an age of free trade to be fostered into unnatural luxuriance. We confess, however, that without some process of the sort we have not much expectation of seeing the fulfilment of Lord Spencer's hope. Why, he asked, should we not see manufactures starting up in different parts of the country? Because, a cynic might answer, there is nothing particular to manufacture. For what, after all, are the manufacturing advantages of the country as summed up by the Lord-Lieutenant? "You have magnificent harbours, you have ready access to the coal fields of England; you have ample water power; you have an intelligent and energetic people." In other words, there are hands to work in the factories and facilities for exporting what is made in them. But this alone will not make Ireland a manufacturing country. True, she has "ready access to the coal fields of England," but Lancashire and Yorkshire have still readier access, and unless Ireland can be shown to be so much richer than England in raw material that after bringing English coal across the Channel she can still undersell her neighbour, it will be scarcely wise to incur the expense of carriage. No doubt "the presence of manufactures gives a most healthful stimulus to agricultural pursuits," and helps to dispose of many economical difficulties. But there is nothing gained by dressing up facts to order, and if Ireland is destined to remain for the most part an agricultural country, it is wisest to approach Irish questions with an honest admission of the truth.

THE EAST LONDON GUARDIANS.

A FEW ideas on the subject of pauperism are being gradually drilled into the public mind. People understand pretty generally that the condition of the London poor is not precisely satisfactory to an optimist. This indeed has been understood only too well, for the conviction has given birth to the amazing growth of charitable institutions which seem to generate poverty at least as fast as they stifle it. More gradually we are beginning to perceive dimly the necessity of acting upon something like a system. At present, the energy directed towards the suppression of pauperism fails of effect for the same reason which causes such a fearful waste of power in nearly every department of English life. We have a chaos where we ought to have an intelligent organization; and our statesmen and reformers generally have as much need of arranging forces already in action as of calling new ones into existence. For the warfare with pauperism there is comparatively little need of exciting people's attention; unluckily the

phenomena are of a kind to press themselves upon the thoughts even of the most habitually careless; but it is not without something like despondency that we look at the immense variety of devices by which our benevolent intentions are liable to be thwarted. It would seem as if a perverted ingenuity had been exercised to make every one tread upon the toes of his neighbour whilst professing to help him. The Poor Law Board, the various local authorities, and the crowd of volunteer associations ought to co-operate harmoniously, and the general public to exercise a general supervision over the whole. Instead of this, there is a chronic struggle going on between all the different agencies at work. Promiscuous charity of all kinds does what it can to demoralize the poor, and to render nugatory the checks devised by the authors of the Poor-law. The public is scandalized by the meanness of the Guardians, and raises an outcry till a well-meant law is passed to provide in a more liberal fashion for the proper care of the sick. The law produces a whole crop of controversies between the central and the local authorities, in which it is certainly hard to say that the Poor Law Board has not erred almost as much on the side of extravagance as the Guardians on the side of stinginess. The various parishes, acting each on its own plan, contrive to defeat each other's efforts; and, in short, there is a general outcry, confusion, and quarrelling, in which it is very difficult to discern the true state of the case or to determine at what point a remedy should be first applied. It would, of course, be presumptuous to suggest that Parliament might do something towards reducing this chaos into order, as that omnipotent body has to employ its whole time on matters which, we must presume, are of infinitely greater importance. We must rely for the present on such reforms as can be carried out without the aid of legislation; and it is satisfactory to note any symptoms of increased intelligence and approximation to a rational system amongst the various bodies concerned. The East London Guardians appear to have set an excellent example in this respect, and the Report put forth at the conference of their delegates shows symptoms of care and forethought in meeting the existing evils on an intelligent system.

The leading principles of the Report are very simple, and speak well for the common sense of the authors. The main objects to be secured in administering relief are, that it shall be based on a uniform system, that it shall be discriminative, and that it shall be substantial when given. The advantage of uniformity is as obvious as are the evils of a system which tends to bring a current of floating pauperism into any district which is more liberal than the average. It is of the first importance that there should be harmony in this respect, instead of a constant temptation to each parish to try to shift its burdens on to its rivals. Whether the scale suggested by the delegates is fixed at the proper standard is a more difficult question; nor can we say how far the parishes are likely to hold themselves bound by the decision of their delegates. It is to be hoped that they may see the importance of accepting a single scale, even if it be not the best conceivable; but it has a rather ominous appearance that one delegate expressly declares that he does not adhere to the resolutions passed. This is one of the points that can hardly be satisfactorily secured without the intervention, within due limits, of a central authority. Assuming that the parishes agree upon this most difficult matter, the next thing is to secure a due discrimination of cases. On this head the delegates suggest certain rules as to the supervision of persons receiving relief, and endeavour to decide in what way an approximately self-acting test may be best secured. The difficulty is evidently considerable in both cases. It is certainly a moderate suggestion, that a relieving officer should not have more than eight hundred recipients of outdoor relief under his care; a number which seems to imply that a relieving officer who does his duty efficiently must be a person of superhuman sagacity. If the strangers who, as the delegates remark, act as "self-constituted almoners," and by indiscriminate charity paralyse the efforts of the Guardians, could in any way be induced to co-operate instead of competing, the supervision might be much more satisfactory. Meanwhile the ideal of a self-acting test is not very easy to discover. Outdoor relief, as the delegates say, is necessarily open to many objections. Yet it is impossible, in the present condition of London workhouses, to offer indoor relief to any large number of able-bodied applicants. It is manifestly important that the Guardians should not come into competition with ordinary employers of labour. To do so would be to make the transition from independence to pauperism comparatively easy, whereas it is the prime object of a poor-law to mark the distinction as widely as possible. The delegates have taken the opinion of Guardians in various parts of England; but the possible modes of employment seem to be very limited. The only things which an able-bodied pauper can be set to do are, it seems, oakum-picking, stone-breaking, wood-cutting, and corn-grinding for the consumption of persons in receipt of relief. The list is not a long one; but the conditions are so narrow that it would doubtless be difficult to increase it. Fair success seems to have attended an experiment for employing a small number of paupers as scavengers; but there is the obvious objection that this comes very near the borders of independent labour. All that can be done is to set the paupers to work on the four sacred employments, from which it is a matter of dispute whether wood-chopping should not be excepted. The task exacted must be as severe as the ordinary day's work of an independent labourer, and should be performed in a yard so arranged as to secure a due supervision. It is suggested that it would be a good thing if the Guardians would frequently visit these yards, so

that a hard-working man would occasionally have a chance of recommending himself to some employer of labour. Oakum-picking under such circumstances is, it may be presumed, sufficiently repulsive to prevent any one from taking to it unless under the compulsion of absolute destitution; and the Guardians, if they do their duty, would have great opportunities of rendering real service to the hard-working poor, whilst the hardened idlers who often make the yards a scene of disorder would be deterred by a vigorous enforcement of order. A similar plan may be adopted for women, by providing a room where the sewing and clothes-mending required for the workhouse may be done under due supervision. It is obvious however that, under all circumstances, outdoor relief is liable to abuses, and that the means of employment are strictly limited. Two results of the discussion appear very plainly; that the Guardians should have a greater power of offering the workhouse as the most satisfactory test, and that a better classification of the inmates is required in order to make effective supervision possible, and to reconcile the two objects of helping the deserving poor and of discouraging incorrigible profligates.

Finally, the delegates speak very sensibly of the necessity of giving substantial relief when it is given at all. The worst of all policy is that which keeps a large number of paupers with their heads just above water, without enabling them to scramble ashore. It is the most effectual mode of gradually demoralizing the population, and sapping their spirit of independence. There is some consolation even in those miserable cases where a poor man accepts starvation rather than charity; for it proves that a genuine spirit of self-help is not extinct; but such a spirit cannot long be preserved where masses of people are encouraged to hang on to the outskirts of independence by means of charity and occasional scanty relief from the Union. Two admirable plans adopted at Manchester are noticed in this connexion, and deserve to be more generally tried. One is, that the Guardians provide a storeroom in which the furniture of the poor who are compelled to seek refuge in the workhouse can be temporarily preserved. This enables such people to receive help in passing difficulties without the certainty of having their homes permanently broken up. A poor man who is turned out with the loss of all his little property is evidently at a terrible disadvantage in again beginning a struggle for independence, and is only too likely to relapse into the hopeless state of permanent pauperism. The other plan is one for sending nurses to the houses of the sick poor who are in receipt of outdoor relief. The advantages of such a system are obvious, and there are few ways in which benevolent people could be more certain of doing good than by aiding in the maintenance of a properly-trained nurse in connexion with the workhouses of their districts.

We have great pleasure in noticing these suggestions made by persons who have the best means of being familiar with the practical working of pauperism. If, instead of wrangling with the Poor Law Board, or defending themselves against the interference of charitable interlopers, the Guardians would more frequently discuss their difficulties in so reasonable a spirit, we should sooner see our system of relief arranged on a satisfactory footing. It is plain, however, that the reforms which they suggest suppose, in order to their effectual carrying out, the co-operation of the central Government and of charitable institutions. Some of them would involve a temporary outlay, which it would be difficult enough to extort from the unfortunate ratepayers. To provide a sufficient accommodation to enable the Guardians to offer the workhouse as an alternative to the unsatisfactory system of outdoor relief, would alone imply considerable expense. Still it is something to make a beginning, and some time or other the general discontent may accumulate such a force as to carry the necessary reforms over the obstructions raised by stupidity, indifference, and the general incapacity for getting anything done. Indeed, matters are in such a state that some movement, not, it is to be hoped, in a retrograde direction, seems to be inevitable. The battle which is raging over the great Infirmary question must have some issue or other, and the result can hardly fail to be an improvement on the existing state of things. In another direction, the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism has succeeded in forcing itself sufficiently upon public attention to make an approach towards an organization of charities not altogether improbable. The remarkable tables which appeared in the *Times* on Thursday illustrate with all the force of figures the amazing waste of good will and good money which is daily taking place. It is impossible to cast one's eye down the figures without seeing how little security there is that the money is really spent to good purpose, or that some charities do not benefit their managers more than any one else, and that others do not help directly to stimulate the evils they profess to check. Many of them are attempts to do duties which could be more effectually discharged by the Poor-law officials; and when two people are doing a thing at once, we need not say that it is frequently equivalent to nobody doing it. In short, the utter absence of system or intelligence may lead us to congratulate ourselves on the fact that reasonable people seem to be taking a matter in hand which is extensive enough to give ample work to all concerned for years to come.

BRAINS IN THE CITY.

IF recent disclosures seem to tell unpleasantly for the morals and conscience of the City, they are yet more damaging to its prestige for brains. In old times it used to be taken for granted—

and, true that the things in Osborne, and great honest, financier, rowing with very day. W. have been Gurney, advisers, idiosyncrasy as the old founders, not here Oterend the most itself in their way Inn Field sary as a found out secrets; found any way, as an opening shaken the thing that men of n savings, adversity individual draw upon we ask, w To begi annually discount runs along careful in place sub themselves Gurney was the nature business n flood with "unexam that, in th wealth, fe might hav the first. they beca vantage-g cemented among ad or not, th not the d There wer grave, sob enough at the game personally their know able man rposed in having on gave an ur brains. T taken, the which the whom, to than of bu them later on his intr whose sag ness. As position as his appoint would rath moral aspe and a more in human i was the c looked out he touched Christo pl randetta, hi 10,000. a to select a trayed a no the eve of estly to re we could g fidence! done very

and, true or not, it was fortunate that the theory was invented—that the good apprentice rose by ability and integrity. Either things must have greatly changed since the days of Whittington, Osborne, and Gresham, or those departed worthies were very lucky and greatly overrated men. Their successors of to-day, if they are honest, are certainly not able. Old houses and new, hereditary financiers and advanced dreamers and schemers, have all been rowing much in the same boat—and, to appropriate Jerrold's joke, with very much the same skulls. Take the crying scandal of the day. We do not pretend to forecast the line of defence that may have been recommended to the impeached directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co., but we should fancy that, if their sagacious advisers do their duty by their clients, they ought to insinuate idiosyncrasy as at least an alternative plea. Only recall the history of the old firm during late years, since the death of its shrewd founders. One must confess, not only that talents for trade are not hereditary, but that the sphere in which the partners in Overend's passed for tolerable men of business must offer one of the most inviting fields conceivable for decent capacity to disport itself in. Fancy those gentlemen turned out in the world to push their way in Westminster Hall, to set up as solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or to follow any career where common sense is necessary as capital. Or is it only that Lombard Street has been found out, while Lincoln's Inn and the Temple still keep their secrets; and is all the world hollow, and no intelligence to be found anywhere? We say with Mr. Montague Tigg—who by the way, as a man of conscious ability, subsequently rushed into such an opening as we indicate—our faith in everything around is so shaken that we hardly believe that we do not believe. Is everything that has come out lately a horrible dream, or are all those men of means whom we trust with the management of our little savings, all those magnates who stand by their fallen friends in adversity as they lived with them in prosperity, conducting their individual businesses with no more profound mental resources to draw upon? Reading the sad history of Overend and Gurney, we ask, were they merely more unfortunate than others?

To begin with, they were actually turning over some 70,000,000*l.* annually in the safest of bill-discounting businesses. And bill-discounting, we fancy, is a business that, once fairly set a-going, runs along in the accustomed grooves by its own impetus, under a careful inspection of the machinery by some well-trained commonplace subordinates. Had trade and the times gone on developing themselves in a strictly legitimate fashion, probably Overend and Gurney would have gone quietly along with them, and trusted to the natural attraction of mighty masses for what stray particles of business might have been flying about. But reformers arose to flood with their light the dark ages of finance—men who tendered “unexampled facilities.” It came home to the firm at the Corner that, in the impetuous rush of the tide that was carrying others to wealth, fewer good things were washed up in their way than they might have reasonably expected. It was then they made blunder the first. Because things seemed slacker than they had been, they became excited, and determined to descend from that solid vantage-ground which their careful fathers had built up and cemented stone by stone. They cast themselves into the whirl among adventurers who were reckless because, whether they won or not, they could not possibly lose. Be it observed, this was not the decision of a single individual, a gambler by instinct. There were many partners, all deeply interested in the event—grave, sober men, carefully trained to business, and who had quite enough at stake to make it well worth their while to watch how the game was played. If some of these gentlemen did not look personally into the affairs of the concern at all, it says the less for their knowledge of the world. Unreserved confidence in a really able man may merely be an example of generous weakness; when reposed in an incapable man, it is a simple proof of folly. The firm, having once made up their minds to go fishing in troubled waters, gave an unusual proof of good sense when they sought vicarious brains. They cast about for an adviser. But, that rational step taken, they hastened to vindicate their consistency by the way in which they set to work. Among the junior partners was one whom, to say the least of it, they knew to be more a man of pleasure than of business, and who is understood to have separated from them later on the ground of incompatibility of habits. Mainly on his introduction they retained the now famous Mr. Edwards, whose sagest counsels, as it proved, so invariably turned to foolishness. As to the question whether the special advantages of his position as official assignee in bankruptcy had anything to do with his appointment as privy councillor in ordinary to the house, we would rather say nothing. We are not discussing the case in its moral aspects. Otherwise, let the man be judged by his works, and a more perfect annihilator of commercial prosperity, incarnate in human form, than Mr. Edwards, we can scarcely imagine. His was the evil eye and the fatal touch. There was nothing he looked out for them that did not blight under his glance; nothing he touched that did not blow up in his fingers. Had a Monte Christo placed him with a Dangers as the instrument of a life's vendetta, his baleful services would have been cheap at twice 10,000*l.* a year. But he was engaged by the firm voluntarily to select and cherish its investments. When Mr. Edwards betrayed a not irrational doubt as to whether he might not be on the eve of being discarded, Mr. Edmund Gurney hastened earnestly to reassure him—“Friend Edwards, I do not know how we could get on without thee.” Touching proof of childlike confidence! Certainly we fear that the house could hardly have done very well, in any case, with so fatal a facility of disposi-

tion. Had they been a shade more astute, a brief experience of Mr. Edwards's peculiar merits might have taught them how to make him invaluable. He had the same unflinching instinct for rooting up rotten ventures and hopelessly bad securities as the breeds of dogs who are trained to hunt out truffles. Had they unhesitatingly declined all advances suggested by him, had they instantly refused to look at anything he recommended as a thriving concern, there can be little doubt that there would have been at the present moment few more flourishing houses in the City. There is no need to follow them in the speculations they launched out in under his auspices. In Millwall Docks or Atlantic Steamers, with West Indian merchants or foreign railway contractors, it was the same monotonous story of loss leading on to loss. They had been rash when they ought to have been prudent, and they were timid when they should have been bold. In pound-foolishness they dashed into schemes; in penny-wisdom they clung to them. “Cut short your losses, let your profits run on,” was the maxim by acting on which one of the greatest of millionaires said he rolled up his riches. Overend and Gurney reversed it, and succeeded accordingly. The wider the gulf began to gape beneath the schemes they had taken under their wing, the more of their gold they tumbled into it, in the hope of filling the chasm. We can sympathise with the directors of a limited company acting thus, if we cannot acquit them. They have the fear of indignant shareholders before their eyes, raging for an account of the talents entrusted to their care. But Overend and Gurney managed everything *en petit comité*. If one of them had been found to speak out boldly and wisely, to say “We have made a succession of mistakes and seriously burned our fingers, but luckily we can afford the price of the lessons if only we profit by them”—then the business might have been saved. But there was not the one wise man forthcoming to save the firm, and it was doomed. Then came another faint gleam of sense, although, as it has proved, it was but a purblind and shortsighted view of their critical case. They said—“As we have made a thorough imbroglio of our magnificent business, we had better sell its strained and shattered wreck for what it will fetch. Shattered as it is, there are still the materials there for building another craft that shall keep the sea.” Observe, we continue to take the directors' view of the case, and to indicate their most plausible line of defence. They sold the ship accordingly, and had it gone to sea with a new captain and crew, had it got into calm water and run before favourable trade-winds, it might have possibly repaired damages, and made a good voyage after all. Let its former owners have retained what interest in it they would, so that they left the ship for better men to steer. But they made it a part of their bargain that the old pilots, already proved so pitifully incapable, should continue in charge, and actually the transfer of their valuable services figured as an item to be considered in the price. The financial tornado blew up. The pilots can scarcely be said to have “lost their heads” for a very simple reason, but what had once been one of the richest treasure-ships in the City went down stern foremost with all on board. Why not plead, we repeat, that men of business who acted thus from first to last in dealing with their own splendid property, cannot in fairness be held answerable for their actions in any bargain they made with the public?

Look at the other Finance Companies that are now in difficulties or liquidation. The theory of their founders was that the enlightened and experienced men of business who conducted them were to be guides, philosophers, and friends to the public who confided to them their money, and were to choose for them invaluable investments. The practice was, as it turned out, we do not say to pick the worst, although it almost looks like it, but to throw out the money haphazard. That absurd system of paying directors by commission on profits was doubtless in some measure to blame, for the worst security tendered the highest rates. But it is far from accounting for everything. After all, the directors had a direct stake in the prosperity of their companies, and, had they been blessed with brains at all, might have been assumed to have weighed great contingent gains against smaller assured ones. But they never hesitated between nursing the goose that laid them the golden eggs, and killing her. The Finance Companies acted precisely like the boy at a roulette table who should say to the players, “Only pay me a handsome commission, and I'll save you the trouble of throwing out your money on the numbers.” Had they defined the nature of their intended play candidly in the prospectuses, it might have somewhat thinned applications for shares. Read over the list of the investments which the combined talent and matured experience of the “Governor,” “Deputy-Governor,” and “Court” of the Crédit Foncier of England secured for their constituents. After an exceptional panic like the last one we could not in fairness have been hard on a blunder or two, for even the “Governor” of a Court like that of the Crédit Foncier is a fallible man. But see the list:—1. Millwall Dock, which is the best, and that is to be congratulated as paying a small dividend on its preference stock. The ordinary stock held by the Company is set down in its books at a fancy value of a third of the money sunk in it, probably under the motto “*esperance*.” 2. Irrigation Company of France, of which the shareholders are told cheerfully that it will “at any rate yield a more certain income to the Company than could have been expected.” 3. Imperial Land Company of Marseilles, in which the Company have an interest of over half a million, to recoup themselves in which they propose selling the property—if they can find a purchaser. 4. London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. 5. Milan Improvements, which “could not

be expected to yield an adequate return." 6. Belgian Public Works, which is an utter *fiasco*, because "the fact is, it had been formed with too little capital"—the very point on which we should have thought one would have realized the advantage of investing through experienced financiers. 7. Varna and Rust-chuck Railway, in which the Crédit Foncier holds 658,000*l.* with interest, of which 590,000*l.* is in shares, valued in the books at 196,000*l.* The list speaks for itself, and, perhaps with better reason than Overend and Gurney, the directors have stuck by the investments they had made. And the Crédit Foncier is only a representative company among a hundred others that, with less pretences to financial talents, have gone nearly equally far astray. We know one case, for example, where the bulk of the capital remaining to the shareholders is represented by a lien on Turkish powder-mills, whose account the Ottoman Government refuses to pay, and whose property no respectable insurance company will take on any terms. Considering disclosures like these, and seeing that on the whole the City continues tolerably prosperous, we are forced to the conclusion that a little brain must go a very long way there, and that the chilling sagacity of demeanour commonly opposed to interlopers by its magnates is a beneficent provision of nature—a defensive armour to protect their capacities from the inspection of the curious.

THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION SOCIETY.

A PAMPHLET has been sent to us with the "respectful compliments of the Secretary of the Scottish Reformation Society," and the expression of a hope that "as much of the accompanying document on the threatened Papal hierarchy in Scotland" may be published in our columns as we may find convenient. We have great pleasure in acceding to this modest request, though it will of course not have escaped the penetration of the Secretary that only a very limited amount of a pamphlet extending over more than twenty pages can be incorporated into one of our articles. And the quantity is still further restricted by the obvious consideration that it would be hardly respectful to so august a Society merely to insert the statement of its principles without offering any comment upon them. Perhaps, however, though we shall only have room to print a very small portion of the elaborate document before us, we may be able within reasonable limits to convey to our readers a tolerably accurate conception of its drift and aim. We must, indeed, confess that on turning, with that culpable curiosity of which novel-readers are popularly accused, to the end of the pamphlet, we were somewhat alarmed at the breadth and range of the axioms on which the "protest" of the Society is professedly based. The legislation of the old French Revolutionists started, as we all know, from a solemn proclamation of "the rights of man"; but the precedent is not altogether encouraging, and practical statesmen have usually been content with a more manageable, if a narrower, programme. But the Scottish Reformation Society, like the French Convention, is resolved to commence *ab ovo*. And their first axiom—though apparently extracted, like the rest, from the *Westminster Confession*—reads very like a repetition of the watchword of the Jacobins:—"Freedom is the birthright of mankind." There, however, they part company. "Religion is the brightest glory of rational creatures." So far the application to the Papal hierarchy is hardly obvious. But we soon tread on firmer ground. "There is no other Head of the Church than Jesus Christ . . . the Pope of Rome is that Antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God." And therefore "his usurped hierarchy ought to be utterly rejected," &c. &c. Clearly, the first two of the Scottish Society's axioms throw open the whole field of metaphysics and natural religion, while the last two involve the whole range of controversial theology and Scripture exegesis. The prospect, therefore, as we said before, was appalling enough. But happily the practical issue joined is a simple one, and it is not impossible, notwithstanding these high-sounding professions of abstract principle, to appreciate, if not to approve, the grounds of the protest thus prematurely launched by the Reformation Society, "as Christians, as Protestants, as citizens, and as subjects" of the threatened Scottish hierarchy, of which we believe no official intimation has yet been given. Certainly, the only authority quoted by the zealous champions of "Gospel privileges" and "a free country" is the rumour retailed in an English newspaper.

The question has sometimes been asked whether nations, like individuals, can go mad. With such facts before us as the old story of the breaking of the Hermes busts at Athens, or the Titus Oates frenzy of our own country not two centuries ago, it would be very hard to prove their exemption from a temporary access of at least religious insanity. And physicians tell us that this is much the commonest form of madness. We are far, indeed, from desiring to make the Scotch nation responsible for the marvellous utterances of the Society which claims to be its mouthpiece. But if any considerable body of national sentiment is represented by the strange document submitted to us, one cannot well help being reminded of the characteristically vehement assertion, for which the late Mr. Buckle was so much laughed at by some and so fiercely abused by others, that Spain and Scotland are the two most superstitious and intolerant countries in Europe. He was able to give some very plausible grounds for his belief, and he would certainly, were he still among us, not have failed to draw forth confirmation of it from every page of the document we are here concerned with. Its

theology is startling, but its logic is more startling still. The members of the Scottish Reformation Society feel that they would be omitting "the duty we owe to the Church and our country" if they did not record their solemn protest against the intrusion of a Papal hierarchy into Scotland, in their fourfold capacity of Christians, Protestants, citizens of a free country, and subjects of Queen Victoria. The first point is of course settled easily enough. "Christians" are bound to protest against "the extension of a system of anti-Christian error" which "dishonours all the Persons of the Godhead, subverts the doctrines of the Gospel, and is ruinous to the souls of men"; and moreover "has shown itself animated by an inextinguishable hatred of the truth, and in pursuance of that hatred has, in the language of Holy Writ, made itself 'drunken with the blood of the saints.'" Being more reverent or more squeamish than the Scottish Reformation Society, we prefer not finishing the quotation. The duty of "Protestants" to protest is equally obvious, for the proposed hierarchy "proceeds on the assumption that Scotland is a heathen country, and that apart from Romanism there is no Christianity." To be sure, a benighted Romanist might reply that, if it does, that is only giving the Reformation Society *quid pro quo*, for the opening of their protest "proceeds on the assumption" that apart from Protestantism there is no Christianity. But by far the most remarkable, we can hardly say original, specimen of reasoning comes under the third head of the indictment. "Citizens of a free State" are bound to protest against the hierarchy, because "it is the introduction, not of the religion of Rome, which has existed among us since the tenth or twelfth century (then what becomes of the 'Christian' and 'Protestant' grounds of protest?) but of the government of Rome, which was abolished by statute at the Reformation." In what conceivable sense "the religion of Rome" can exist anywhere without "the government of Rome"—which is one of its principles—the protestors omit to explain, unless indeed the civil government of Rome is intended. But even the Reformation Society can hardly be supposed to imagine that the beneficent rule of Cardinals and Monsignori is about to be substituted in Scotland for Queen, Lords, and Commons. Yet they certainly do seem to mean something quite as wonderful, if any meaning at all can be got out of their words. "Vicars apostolic" they tell us, "have no jurisdiction or power of governing in Scotland," whereas "the bishop has power not only in *foro conscientie*, but in *foro externo*; that is, he can enforce his spiritual sentences by temporal penalties." We have read these words over and over again, and tried to extract some sort of sense out of them. That Vicars Apostolic have no jurisdiction, if spiritual jurisdiction over their own clergy is intended, is notoriously untrue. They have all the jurisdiction for that purpose which the Pope can give them, and a much more arbitrary jurisdiction than the regular bishops, because they are under no restraints of canon law, as has been explained over and over again, both in these columns and elsewhere. That they have no legal or coercive jurisdiction is true enough; but neither can diocesan bishops, whether of the "Episcopal" or Roman Catholic Church, have any more, as long as those communions remain unestablished. Do these protestors suppose, for instance, that "the Archbishop of Westminster" has any other power, as such, "to enforce his spiritual sentences by temporal inflictions" than is possessed by the Wesleyan Conference, or the Irvingite apostles—namely, the power to hold ministers of his own persuasion to the contract they have expressly or tacitly entered into by virtue of their office in it? Nor is much additional light thrown on the matter by the following grandiloquent but hardly intelligible explanation:—

As these communities multiply and grow, this pseudo-divine jurisdiction will extend and strengthen; the law of the land will, in the same proportion, be weakened and displaced; its working will be persistently impeded, its administrators will be cajoled or threatened; concessions will be extorted from them, in the interests of a ghostly jurisdiction; a temporal tyranny will be established on pretext of a spiritual discipline, and thus the country will slide, imperceptibly but steadily, under the dominion of Canon Law.

How Scotland is to slide, whether steadily or unsteadily, under the dominion of Canon Law, it is not easy to understand, unless indeed it were to become a Roman Catholic country, in which case it might possibly be deemed convenient to invest the ecclesiastical courts with certain civil rights. What makes the wild supposition of these protesting zealots, that Roman Catholic "bishops" would possess some sort of coercive power not possessed by "vicars apostolic," the more irrational, is that they themselves quote Dr. Manning's evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons last year as to the real effect of the change. "The Pope," he says, "who possesses the supreme jurisdiction, divests himself of the ordinary use of it by constituting bishops and forming dioceses"; the change "invests them with permanent authority, which they can exercise at all times, without dependence, except ultimate dependence, on the Pope"; in other words, it acts as a limitation on the exercise of Papal authority, and is so far a guarantee for the independence of national Churches in communion with Rome. The Reformation Society seems almost to caricature its own eccentricities when it talks of the diocesan bishops being "armed with power to excommunicate our judges, or persons in authority, who may interfere with them in enforcing Romish law." We should be surprised to hear that any "judges or persons in authority" in Scotland are Roman Catholics. But to excommunicate Protestants from a Church with which they never were in communion would be, to say the least, a very idle and useless ceremony.

To the Protest is appended an "Historical Statement" of the

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origin of the Scottish Reformation Society, which appears to have taken place in 1850, on occasion of the Papal Aggression in England; and its members have learnt, from the admirable and effective working of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act during the last eighteen years, how desirable it is to apply a similar policy to Scotland. The speeches which are here reported, made at the first meeting of the Society in December, 1850, afford a curious illustration of the notions of liberty of conscience entertained by the self-styled champions of that principle. We are certainly not going to say a word against the principle itself. We rejoice to know how little power to persecute is retained, in these days, even by those who have the will; and we venture to believe that a generation or two hence both will and power will be extinct. But meanwhile there is evidence enough in the speeches here quoted that the spirit of intolerance is often liveliest in the fiercest assertors of civil and religious liberty. A certain Dr. McCrie, who seems to have taken the lead on the occasion, not content with the charitable observation that Popery "finds a sure ally in the breast of every carnal and unconverted man," proceeded to remark that it was not "a system of religious error, to be dealt with by argument, and by the spiritual weapons of the Gospel; it is an organized conspiracy against the civil and religious liberties of mankind," and must therefore be put down by force. Dr. Cunningham, who spoke next, had apparently some faint inkling of the odd impression which this sort of logic would produce on the "unconverted," for he observed that "some men seem very much afraid of any infringement of the principles of toleration. This is really a mere bugbear... there is one contingency in which they would be in danger, and one only, and that is, if Popery should regain her ascendancy in this land"—a contingency which must therefore (such is the implied corollary) be prevented by force. We are sorry to see the name of Dr. Candlish mixed up with such a movement, but it is only fair to say that his speech, so far as we can judge from the extracts here presented to us, is in a very different tone from the rest. He says nothing of coercive legislation, but only of the duty of "watching the progress of Popery," and striving to make Scotland "in reality, as well as in profession, a Protestant land."

One more passage from the conclusion of this edifying manifesto will probably suffice our readers. It indicates the line of conduct recommended to be pursued:—

Being, therefore, warned by the emissaries of the Church of Rome themselves, being defended by the laws and constitution of our country, and knowing, from experience, what desolation and sufferings the Church of Rome brought upon this country, when she had the power, in former times; having possessed, moreover, through the forbearance and loving-kindness of God, so many gospel privileges, for so long a time, it becomes us to guard these liberties, and to repel this threatened attack. It is hoped, therefore, that this subject will engage the attention of Church courts, and public meetings, and that petitions and protests will be forwarded to Parliament and to Her Majesty, praying that the principles of Protestant liberty may be effectually maintained.

It is added that there is much more reason for resisting a Papal aggression in Scotland than there was for resisting the English hierarchy in 1850. On this we have merely one observation to make. Whether the change is of any practical importance to the Roman Catholics themselves, they are best able to decide. They assure us that it is so, and they ought to understand their own business. It is certainly of no importance or concern to any one else. But as they form a mere fraction of the population in England, while something like a sixth of the inhabitants of Scotland—consisting of course mainly of Irish immigrants—are Roman Catholics, there are obviously far stronger reasons of practical convenience for introducing a Diocesan Episcopate into Scotland than into England, if there are reasons of practical convenience in either case. Might we venture in the meantime to suggest to the Scottish Reformation Society that the unlimited consumption of whisky-toddy, even on "the honourable Sabbath," finds, if rumour may be trusted, quite as "sure an ally in the breast of every carnal and unconverted" Scotchman as Popery, and that to fight with this social evil might perhaps afford as profitable, if a somewhat less exciting, arena for the display of the Society's Protestant and Christian zeal?

THE TIMES ON THE SEE OF CANTERBURY.

IT is hard to find a name for the peculiar kind of fit into which the *Times* has been thrown by the enthronization of the new Archbishop of Canterbury. There is something wholly indescribable both about the description of the ceremony itself and about the leading article which comments upon it. But it is of course the latter which is the master-piece. On the mere narrative we will make but one comment. The writer talks about "the future of the Church of England being predicated from this ceremony." For the *Times* to talk nonsense, as it does in the leading article, about early ecclesiastical history is in no way wonderful. But one would really have thought that enough knowledge of common English speech could have been found among the staff of the *Times* to save any member of it from the absurd vulgarism of the sentence which we have just quoted. To use the plain English word "foretell" would of course be below the dignity of the grand style. Our oracle therefore does not "foretell," but, if it does not foretell, we should have expected it to "predict." But the word "predicate" is a Latin word as well as the word "predict," and "predicate" has the further merit of being a syllable longer than "predict."

It is in truth what writers in the same style would call more "lengthened" than the other word, and is therefore undoubtedly entitled to the preference. That "predict" means one thing, while "predicate" means something quite different, that the meaning intended is the meaning of "predict," and not the meaning of "predicate," is of course a slight matter compared with the pleasure of using a longer, and what passes for a grander, word.

But from what the *Times* does or does not predict as to the future of the Church of England, let us turn to what it predicates as to its past and its present. The *Times* has favoured us with a sketch of ecclesiastical history from the very beginning, and a very curious sketch it is. We need hardly say that it is not free from blunders, but its blunders are not the most remarkable thing about it. There is a style of writing which we sometimes come across, and on which we always look with special amazement. This is the style in which the writer does not exactly make blunders, but puts forth propositions which are indisputably true, only in a way which makes them more grotesque than any blunder, and sometimes displays more ignorance than any blunder. Now the history of the See of Canterbury is not a pure example of this style, because the article is by no means free from blunders. Still it is not the blunders which strike us so much as the odd way of saying things which, if not exactly true, are certainly not exactly false. We are of course amused when the *Times* gives a wrong father to the first Christian Queen of any English kingdom. It is amusing to see "Clotaire I." trotted out as if the *Times* had been on the most familiar terms with him all his days. It is of course still more amusing, when we remember that the King in question was not "Clotaire," but Charibert. To the general reader no doubt the name of one Merwing is as good as that of another, and the *Times* of course gets the credit of prodigious learning by the easy use of either hard name. We confess moreover that there is nothing in all history harder to remember than the genealogy of the Merwings. Yet as no one is obliged to write about the genealogy of the Merwings, a man cannot be excused if he writes about it without having got it up. But it is the more general view of early ecclesiastical history which awakens our wonder and amazement in the article before us. Here is the beginning:—

Dr. Tait was yesterday placed on the oldest seat of authority in these isles, for there is no throne of either temporal or spiritual authority that can dispute this claim with the See of St. Augustine. That, however, is not so great a boast as it might seem, for the disunion, the fickleness, and the misfortunes of our early predecessors prevented any effectual introduction of Christianity till it had acquired an antiquity of six centuries on the neighbouring Continent.

We might perhaps dispute the right of the See of St. Augustine to be older than any throne of temporal authority in these isles, for the continuous identity, amid all enlargements, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with the Kingdom of Great Britain, of the Kingdom of Great Britain with the Kingdom of England, of the Kingdom of England with the Kingdom of the West Saxons, would certainly justify us in speaking of the throne of Cerdic and Victoria as older than the throne of Augustine and Tait. Still there is in the archbishopric a continuity of place and title which is wanting in the kingdom, so that the expression of the *Times* is one which in a certain sense may be admitted. But what follows is very odd. The *Times* is evidently for once in its life afraid of being wrong, and picks its words with unusual caution. It is funny to see how it shinks from using any national names at all when speaking of the earlier periods of British and English history. The *Times* has evidently a vague notion that if it talks too freely about the ethnology of those mysterious days, it is not at all unlikely to cut its fingers. So it carefully abstains from talking about Britons or Romans or Saxons or Welshmen or Englishmen, or anything of the kind, till it has reached times when it fancies itself quite clear of the quicksands. The successive inhabitants of the country are not directly spoken of, but are, in the true sense of a much abused word, alluded to. "Our early predecessors" are evidently the Britons, and we certainly have not the slightest objection to their being thus described. Still we think that the Britons, past or present, might fairly put up a groan or two at the way in which they are treated by the *Times*. We have heard nonsense talked about the ancient British Church till we are sick of its very name; still we are not inclined to thrust it so utterly into outer darkness as the *Times* does. Because the English Church was not derived from the Welsh Church, but was founded independently of it, it really does not follow that Christianity had never been "effectually introduced" among the Welsh. And still more, what does the *Times* say to that Scottish Church which really did play an important part in the conversion of Northern England? We should really have thought that Saint Patrick was a fairly "effectual introducer" of Christianity into one part of the British Isles. But all this the *Times* seems to have altogether forgotten.

But our own turn seemingly comes down. At least, among the dark speeches and shadowy allusions of the *Times*, we seem in the following description to recognise our own forefathers:—

However, then, at last, a vigorous and more promising race having effected a lodgment here, a well-organized attempt was made to conquer the seemingly hopeless difficulty, and a body of Roman Catholic clergy landed in Kent.

In the satisfaction of finding ourselves looked on by the *Times* as a vigorous and more promising race, we can half overlook the way in which, after all, we are made out to have only effected a "lodgment," to be, we suppose, invested with nothing more than a sort of lodger franchise in these islands.

But the "body of Roman Catholic clergy" puzzles us a good deal. Does the *Times* fancy that Augustine and Paulinus believed in the Immaculate Conception, worshipped Saint Philomena, performed the ceremony of Benediction, and devoted the month of May to sermons in honour of Our Lady? Then we go on to hear how the supposed daughter of "Clotaire I." had "French attendants." The *Times* has perhaps been reading in the *Spectator* about Pharamond, King of the Gauls, and his courtiers Monsieur Eucrate and Monsieur Chezluy, and has got to fancy that a High-Dutch Merwing talked Romance. Then the Queen, we are told, "must have been a woman of great tact and persuasion." We never before heard of a "woman of persuasion"; so perhaps we do not exactly know what she would be like; but what has always struck us in the matter as strange is that the Queen and her Bishop should have done so little as they seem to have done, and should have left so much for the Roman missionaries to do. Well, the *Times* goes on with its history:—

The Christians abroad had been some centuries under a firm belief that this island, always overrun by savages and ravaged by war, was the special dominion of the Powers of Darkness, and the people here had as little doubt that Christianity was a branch of the Black Art, which it was exceedingly dangerous to come in contact with. However, Bertha arranged matters; St. Augustine looked harmless; Ethelbert submitted; there were some grand ceremonies, and in a marvellously short time the strangers were established for ever, one may say, a few hundred yards from the rude little structure which had thus been the cradle of the Anglican Church.

We will only ask the *Times* to do a sum, and to tell us how many centuries passed between Honcarius and Æthelberht to account for the growth of this "firm belief" about this island. If the *Times* had been half sharp, it would have quoted the famous bit of Procopius about the souls of the dead being ferried over to Britain. It is not a bad story in itself, and to quote Procopius would have looked almost as grand as to talk about Clotaire I. Then, to be sure, the conversion of Æthelberht is done much quicker in the *Times* than it is in Bæda; but the really grotesque thing is not so much the mistakes, as the odd way of putting everything, and the special lights which the *Times* seems to have as to the personal and domestic matters of everybody. The Queen "arranges matters"; the missionary "looks harmless"; the King "submits"; all is put in a knowing and epigrammatic way to which few but the *Times* could hope to attain. And so on through the whole of an unusually long article; it is the queer way of putting every statement, rather than the statements themselves, which amuses us throughout. Whether the *Times* is talking about Augustine or about Dr. Tait, there is a rich quaintness spread over the mention of either the earliest or the latest Primate. Still the *Times* does not always quite do justice to its own subject. "The occupier" of the See "in due time was entitled Patriarch and Pontiff"—"Anglie Pontifex," according to the writer of the description of the enthronization. Now surely "Pontifex" is a title common to every Bishop—perhaps the writer in the *Times* is too good a Protestant to have ever heard a pontifical high mass; if he can stretch a point so far, we should recommend the ceremony to him, as being decidedly imposing even as a mere spectacle. "Patriarch" again surely never was a formal title of the Archbishop of Canterbury, though doubtless the word may be found rhetorically applied to him as well as to other Archbishops. But, while the *Times* was about it, why should it have left out such far more sounding descriptions as "gentium transmarinarum summus Pontifex," "alterius orbis Apostolicus," and even—we almost tremble to write it—"alterius orbis Papa?" A little way on comes a sentence which has puzzled us not a little:—

The See has borne a prominent part in most of our national epochs and at every religious or political crisis. Not to mention names once known over the Western world, Dunstan, Stigand, Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Langton, Chicheley, Warham, Crammer, Pole, Laud, and Sancroft, are only the prominent examples of a series which has almost universally been animated by sentiments that Englishmen are proud to call national.

Who, we greatly long to know, are the Archbishops whose names were once known over the Western world? The *Times* gives a list, including beyond a doubt the most eminent names on the list of Archbishops, but it also implies that there were other Archbishops more famous still, but whom, on account of their very fame, on account of their names being known over the Western world, the *Times* does not mention. Ælfheah, Hubert Walter, Saint Edmund, Robert Winchelsey, Matthew Parker, John Tillotson, and William Wake, are certainly not in the *Times*' list; but though undoubtedly eminent men, we can hardly fancy their names being better known than those of Anselm, Thomas, and Pole. Or ought we perhaps to look at the end of the Archiepiscopal scale, and seek for the names known over the Western world in Richard and in William Whittlesey, in Herring, Moore, and Cornwallis?

One blot the *Times* has hit. How is it that in old times great ecclesiastical ceremonies were essentially popular, while now they are essentially exclusive? We conceive that Augustine preached to Ceorls as well as to Eorls, and Thomas at least was the darling of the lowest people. But now, after a description of the pilgrimages of former days, and their popular character, the *Times* goes on:—

Very different this from the crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, invited by advertisement, carried in first-class railway carriages, admitted by ticket, after a kind warning that they would find the thermometer standing at 43, to see Dr. Tait escorted up the nave to slow music, and conducted to his throne by Dean, Canons, choristers, and vergers. A temperature twelve degrees below that of the external atmosphere, making it winter within and summer without, might suggest a reflection on the warmth of Anglican

Churchmanship. But it more rightfully recalls one of its oldest boasts, English saints were always credited with a special gift for the endurance of both heat and cold. Their pilgrim visitors from more genial climes could bear anything in reason, but they could not stand our alternations of humid vapour, frost, and snow; our draughty houses, our gaping fire-places, and the general inefficiency of our warming apparatus.

"Ridentem dicere verum," &c.; and here we have a truth told, whether by accident or not, by one who is not exactly laughing, or doing anything else for which language supplies a name, but writing in the grotesque, half-sneering, half-sententious style in which the *Times* has thought proper to write the history of the See of Canterbury.

REPORT ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN AND WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE.

II.

WE have already commented on the wide interval which separates the theoretical perfection from the actual condition of the agricultural labourer. This is no new discovery. In every age poets and painters have amused the world by their conceptions of Corydons and Phyllises to whom the male and female peasants of working-day life have not the faintest resemblance. At no period of human history have the labouring rustics of Norfolk or Yorkshire, Brittany or the Auvergne, had anything in common with the rustic lovers of Pope's and Tickell's pastorals, or the picturesque impersonations of Watteau's fancy. And it must ever remain a problem why artists of the pen and the brush have conspired to throw over the homely incidents of rural life an imaginary grace which was never borrowed for the inhabitants of towns. Doubtless there has always been more refinement, sentiment, and fancy among the natives of large towns than among their compeers in villages. But this fact is scarcely ever recognised by writers of poetry and fiction. And now we see, in the Report of the Commissioners on which we have already commented, the reaction from a feeling which was once almost as general as it was erroneous. They seem to view all agricultural statistics through the very darkest medium. Everything that regards the life of the agricultural labourer, his habits, his family, his wages, seems to impress them, or some of them, with mixed pity and disgust. His children are untought, his home is slovenly, his wife and daughters half brutalized by excessive toil, and his own earnings barely sufficient for the purposes of ordinary subsistence.

People who reside in the country will make ample deductions from so wide and sweeping a condemnation as this. But, after every legitimate deduction has been made, there will remain in the life, wants, and habits of the peasant and his family sufficient to provoke commiseration and challenge improvement. Not that the sufferings of the agricultural are necessarily more acute than those of the urban labourer. But there is something in agricultural work at once so necessary, so useful, and so primitive, that we sympathize with the condition of those who perform it more than we do with the agents of other industries. The instinctive wish of those who examine it is that all the men engaged in it should be sturdy, vigorous, and intelligent, and all the women comely, virtuous, and decorous. That the real case is far otherwise, we attribute to wrong causes, or to right causes in a wrong degree. In the first place, the Commissioners are unanimous in deploring the educational shortcomings of the young peasant. He is sent, when eight or nine years old, to tend cattle or scare birds in the fields. He is thence promoted to various posts of subordinate service about a farm, and ultimately arrives, if he is steady, at the rank of an able-bodied labourer. From the day that he begins his monotonous vocation of scaring birds in the fields, he bids adieu to all kinds of book-learning. A more than usually conscientious employer may supplement the fervid zeal of the village clergyman by sending young Corydon to school. But in the majority of instances he rarely goes to school after ten, and hardly ever after twelve, years of age. The consequences are bad enough, though it is perhaps unjust to lay all the defects of rustic character to the account of untrained and undisciplined youth. The farmer's lad grows up dull, heavy, uninformed, unobservant, and unreflective; with no tastes but a general thirst for beer and a love for the village ale-house. Although in many instances farmers say that boys are of no real use in agriculture under twelve years of age, still in many others the demand is urgent for younger boys. And when their labour is required, their parents cannot bring themselves to refuse it. We, of course, see plainly enough that the miserable 1s. 6d. or 1s. 3d. a week which may be earned by a boy of ten or eleven years is less than nothing compared with the loss which he sustains by being utterly untought. But the boys' parents cannot see the subject in this light. To them the additional fifteen pence a week is a clear and palpable gain, the advantages of education are a dim and shadowy phantom. Here we see one grand difference in the national characters of English and Scotch peasants. Not one Scotch peasant in a hundred would prefer the immediate advantage of his son's small earnings to the prospective benefits of a sound education; not five English peasants in a hundred would see in their sons' education a gain greater than any wages they might earn. And one reason which induces the Scotch peasant to set a high store upon the education of his children may induce the English farmer to discourage the education of his labourers' children. Education is to the Scotch lad his very staff of life. With this he makes his way from the humble cot of his youth to the counting-houses and council-chambers of

Calcutta and Bombay. This conducts him to wealth, to eminence, and power. A vague sort of notion that education might lift the British ploughboy too far above his proper sphere is, we suspect, often at the bottom of the obstructions offered by the English farmer to a better education of his boy-labourers. Probably his fears are not wholly groundless. If they were better educated, the young farming lads would not remain so generally as they do on the farmer's lands. Then wages would rise, and a great rise in wages could not coexist with average farming profits. This is true. But agricultural profits, though an important question, are not the most important of questions. If any sensible diminution in the supply of agricultural labour was experienced, it would be met, as it has been met elsewhere, by mechanical contrivances. In America human labour has not been superseded, but supplemented, by machinery. In England, the farmer, without any disadvantage, could resort to machinery to repair the loss caused by the migration of labour. And it is not certain that this transfer of labour would continue after education had become general. At least, this does not appear to be the effect produced by education in Scotland, where there are always hands sufficient for the work which is to be done. Nor should we forget that education acts in two ways on agriculture. It makes not only the labourers, but also the farmers, more intelligent. With a better educated class of farmers, a more intelligent order of labourers would naturally come into requisition; and the co-operation of both would tell favourably on agriculture. It is only experienced and earnest landowners who can recognise the vast difference in the style and profits of cultivation caused by the ignorance or knowledge, intelligence or stupidity, of the farmer; but others beside agriculturists can tell only too clearly the social misery and anarchy caused by a race of stupid, ignorant, and selfish farmers. If the middle-class schools fail to improve the mental and moral perceptions of the average farmer, the only prospect of improving the condition of the labourer will be to give such an education to his children as will effectually frighten the farmers into giving a better education to their own sons.

As to the employment of young women, there can be no doubt that the young female gangs are an intolerable nuisance. But, on the other hand, there is much field labour which can be best performed by women, and which, while it need not hurt their morals, is confessedly beneficial to their health. That the employment of women in the fields will slowly and gradually decrease is only a natural inference from the diminution which has already been witnessed in this respect within the memory of man. But, unless they exchange out-of-door work for respectable and useful work indoors, the removal of women from the fields will be anything but a matter for rejoicing. It is also clear that nothing could be so unwise or so injurious as violent legislative interference, either for the purpose of compelling the attendance of rustic children at school, or of forbidding the employment of women in the fields. It would involve all the dangers which result from meddling with the free agency of individuals, and also some of the distress which is generally caused by the unexpected interruption of habitual and familiar occupations.

There can be no doubt that each of the objects we have named might be attained, if it could only be made clear to the average English peasant that his gains would not ultimately be diminished by sending his boys regularly to school, and by keeping his girls wholly out of the turnip or the gleaming field. It is quite a question of profit and loss. The Commissioners devote some space to a detailed examination of the total loss in money wages likely to accrue from such a cessation of labour. But it is difficult to prove or to disprove any amount of loss. It is sufficient for all practical purposes that the peasant believes he would be a loser by each of the proposed changes. And this brings the Commissioners to consider what means might be devised to render the agricultural labourers less dependent on mere wages. The result of their deliberations is to recommend a general resort to the system of letting to each labourer an allotment of ground varying from one quarter to three quarters of an acre. The objections to this system are, first, that the best means to make good farm labourers is to make them dependent solely on their wages, whereas this scheme gives them another support than their hired labour. The next objection is that it savours of a means to eke out wages by a subsidy. The best reply to both objections is that if in practice the lessees of allotments are found to be the best and most industrious of hired labourers, the hypothetical argument falls to the ground; and the Commissioners are induced by their own experience to believe that the best labourers are really the holders of such allotments. And it is certainly not difficult to conceive that a man who comes home from his master's farm to dig his own little plot of ground, who sets his own potatoes and feeds his own pig, has but little inclination to haunt the public-house or to join the Levellers' Club. The consciousness of property would impart a tone of manly independence to the small proprietor; and the man who knew what the value of honest labour on his own land was, would mete out the just equivalent of his wages on the land of his employer. Such a man—laborious, frugal, sober, and high-principled—would not tolerate idleness and misconduct in his children. His sons would have the best education that circumstances would permit them to have. His daughters would early learn habits of thrift, decency, and self-respect. It would be impossible to make such a man pig with his family in the hovels which have tainted the moral feeling and crushed the moral dignity of so many English peasants. We agree with the Commissioners in their proposition. It is only another form of the axiom that the education of circumstances is

as potent as that of books, and that schools may be a most valuable auxiliary to, but can never be a complete substitute for, the early associations of family and the discipline of home. And it is no unworthy or unpatriotic policy to contrive that the circumstances of a rural labourer's life may be rendered as favourable as possible to the development of his latent virtues and the repression of his strongest temptations. Nor should it be forgotten that the system of allotments is, after all, part payment of a just debt to the peasant. There was a time when rights of common gave him a quasi-proprietary interest in land which has now become the property of others. It is only fair that he should be allowed to pay for a privilege which his forefathers enjoyed without payment. Justice here, as always, coincides with expediency, for no one can doubt that the proposed system would raise the moral feeling of the rural labourer; as, unfortunately, no one can deny that his actual position in many counties tends to degrade him, not only as an English citizen, but even as a human being.

THE LAW COURTS AND THE THAMES QUAY.

THERE has seldom been a controversy which both sides have more perversely placed upon a false issue than that which is now playing shuttlecock with the site of the new Law Courts. Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Baillie Cochrane present themselves as the champions, not only of the convenience, but of the beauty of the metropolis—as the men who stand alone, in the midst of a perverse and utilitarian generation, conscious of the great opportunity of the Embankment, which must be used now, or will be for ever lost. Those, on the other hand, who are not convinced that the upper site ought, after all, to be hastily abandoned, have mostly confined themselves to balancing in detail the advantages and inconveniences of the two positions, and have left their opponents in possession of the claim to be the party of grand ideas and magnificent results. So people in general, who cannot be expected to walk about with a panorama of London printed on the mind's eye, very naturally declare offhand for the site which, as they imagine, secures the gain of the long-wanted Thames Quay. The fact, however, is, that the Strand site in its full and inevitable developments is not merely as thoroughly part of the great scheme of reconstructing riverside London as the Trevelyan-Cochrane substitute, but absolutely deals with the whole conditions of the case in a larger and more far-seeing spirit. We have in a former article pointed out that London north of the Thames stands upon a hill-side, of which the summits lie as far back as Hampstead and Highgate. Of this North London the two most conspicuous piles are St. Paul's, which is well raised above the river bed, and the Westminster group, Abbey and Palace, which lies low just at the point where the higher ground dies away into a flat, and formerly marshy, plain. Now it happens that the Thames Quay has the great architectural advantage of lying between, and being, as it were, bounded by and linking together, these two dominant piles; it starts from the Palace of Westminster, and, terminating just short of the point opposite the Cathedral, it will be connected with it by the new diagonal street from Blackfriars Bridge. For all time to come it will be the base-line of mid North-London, converted as that will be into an architectural whole by its construction. Into this mid North-London, and in connexion with that Quay, we have now to put a third great building, lying to the east rather than to the west of our area. It will be backed, not by the flat of Westminster and Pimlico, but by the steep of Holborn Hill; and it will compete, not with the depressed Parliament House, but with the loftily seated St. Paul's. Two sites are tendered for this structure, lying, so to speak, in the same longitude, one of them just above the other, and so far more up hill. There can, we should think, be no reasonable doubt that in this aspect of the question the one which has the greater altitude would artistically be preferable, especially as even that would stand considerably below the level of St. Paul's, and so would form the connecting link of gradual descent between the cathedral and Westminster Palace. But then, say the other party, "Consider the Quay, consider the river front; will you allow so grand an avenue to be constructed, merely to be encumbered with inferior structures, when you have the opportunity of putting the finest conceivable pile on the finest conceivable site?" To this we have merely to reply that we have considered all this, and that we are satisfied that we more really enhance the beauty of the Quay in connexion with the Law Courts, and the well-lying of those Courts in connexion with the Quay, if we place them on ground rising from the Quay, but capable of being opened out by broad and stately avenues of gradual elevation, than if we plump them down upon its lowest and dearest level, and in plumping them there use up, and smother under buildings, the open space of dry ground won from the muddy river bank. If this would not be *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas* we are hard set to find an instance of the adage. At a vast expense and with infinite trouble we open out a wide area along the Thames, and we are then so pleased with our new acquisition that we forthwith propose to block it up with a structure which, as a "Surveyor" tells us in Monday's *Times*, must project forward a hundred feet beyond the line of Somerset House. It is impossible that a mass projecting so far should not stand so sheer along the street that there never can be room to study its proportions from the thoroughfare of which it is proposed to form the chief embellishment. If, indeed, planting the Law Courts north of the Strand involved the retention of the

horrible mass of narrow lanes which now swarm between Somerset House and the Temple, we should not be pleading for the higher level; but as they are doomed, their temporary existence cannot affect the argument. From the centre of the Palace of Justice—to use the grand phrase which fine writers affect—if placed on the upper site, must very soon run a broad avenue leading down to the Quay, and bordered by stately buildings of a public or quasi-public character; perhaps sets of chambers, perhaps no matter what, provided they contribute as satellites to the architectural perfection of the great building above. This avenue would be very short, for the distance is only a few hundred feet; so it would rather have the appearance of a "Place" than of a street, and the Quay upon which it would debouch would, at all events at this point, luxuriate in a little elbow-room, whether of garden or mere void space, so as to give an uninterrupted prospect of the river from the steps of the central portal of the Palace. The man who could say that the Law Courts so disposed would not form a portion of the grand *ensemble* of the Quay must have the same notions of architectural grouping which the Chinese have of perspective. The intelligent foreigner who reads the arguments of the advocates for the lower site would fancy that the Strand was far away from the river, and in a quarter of London which made it impossible for the building there placed to be ever brought into architectural union with the Quay. He would be rather surprised if he were told that the real distance was a few hundred feet—not nearly so broad an interval as that which separates the Seine from the *Hôtel des Invalides*, which he has always been accustomed to regard as one of the ornaments of the Parisian Quays.

We sometimes fancy that people must have borrowed their notions of an urban quay from the East Cliff at Brighton, or the Marina at St. Leonards, and fancied that the perfection of beauty resided in a long unbroken row of new white "terraces" at an even distance from the *trottoir* and the roadway. They have not grasped the idea of a great artery, now narrowing into the roadway, now expanding into the square, now flanked by the palace, now lightened by the garden, and at frequent intervals intercepted by the confluence of broad transverse high-streets, proceeding from or bounded by edifices which, viewed at varying distances and diverse angles, make up the great sum of architectural beauty involved in the whole conception. One thing is totally incompatible with such a Quay, especially where the ground behind it slopes upwards, and that is, a wall-like barrier of building so tall and so unbroken that it blocks out all the town behind. Common sense itself teaches us that, where the conformation of the land suits, the taller structures should be placed upon the higher ground, so as to combine nature and art in one pyramidal outline. The traditions of Thorney Island, and of the old Royal Palace and Abbey, necessitated the violation of this rule in the Houses of Parliament, but for all that it is not less true.

The much and justly vaunted Quays of Paris, to which we have already referred, aptly illustrate our meaning. These, fortunately for their general effect, border a river which is sufficiently narrow to place the two banks within eye-shot of each other, and to combine them into a kind of very broad street with central water-way, so that every feature on either side can be studied at a closer distance from one, and a further distance from the other, Quay. In London, even if the Thames be ultimately quayed all along on each side, the breadth of the stream will forbid as perfect a connexion. At Paris, as in London, the south bank is (with the exception of the *Montagne de Ste.-Geneviève*) comparatively flat, and the northern more elevated. Well, how does this capital group itself in relation to its Quays? The visitor who strolls up the south bank, towards the old city, has on his right hand, upon his own side, first the *Ecole Militaire*, and then the *Hôtel des Invalides*, both large piles; the latter, at least, set off to advantage, in spite of the low situations of both, by the broad open spaces which lie between them and the road. On the other side of the Seine, backward and loftily the big bulk of the *Arche de l'Étoile* stands upon a wooded rise. Further on, the large masses of the Foreign Office and the *Corps Législatif*, both of them placed tolerably forward on the south Quay, are compensated by the retrocession of the *Place de la Concorde* to the north. Still further on, the piles of the *Tuileries* and *Louvre* are, in spite of their long river line, isolated by the garden of the former and the broad *Place* to the east of the latter, and in both instances the oblique view of the façades at right angles to the Quay is among their most noted features. A similar isolation has been created round the *Hôtel de Ville*; while *Notre Dame*, occupying the point of the larger island, stands on a site of almost unique picturesqueness. The conformation of London and the breadth of the Thames make it impossible for us to attempt identical effects. But the lesson of Paris need not be lost—that, in order to use the Quay to the best advantage, large buildings should not be too closely huddled on it. A Quay is intended to open out, not to close up, lateral communication, and to facilitate the reconstruction, on better principles both as to health and art, of the adjacent quarters. If these are to be left in their primitive squalor behind a pretentious show-front of new riverside palaces, the boasted improvement may after all turn out to be a whitened sepulchre.

THE YORKSHIRE HUNTING ACCIDENT.

IT has been the remarkable fortune of Sir George Wombwell to survive both the *Balaclava* charge and the recent hunting accident in Yorkshire. The favourite comparison of the field

of battle to that of hunting has been justified by a mournful demonstration of the reality and magnitude of the dangers which are incurred even in chasing a fox over cultivated England. If we turn to the brilliant pages which record the services of our army in the Crimea, we shall find that Sir George Wombwell rode two lengths behind Lord Cardigan when he led the Light Brigade of English cavalry straight down a valley towards a Russian battery which crossed it at a distance of upwards of a mile, and when the first line of cavalry had advanced within one hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell had his horse killed under him. He caught and mounted a stray horse, joined the second line of cavalry, and advanced with it down to the guns. This second horse was now killed under him; he was surrounded by Russian lancers, who took from him his sword and pistol, and made him prisoner. By a sudden movement he disengaged himself from his captors, seized and mounted a riderless horse, joined an English regiment now in retreat, and returned un wounded with it to the lines from which he had advanced. It may perhaps have been hastily concluded that the proceedings which led to the recent disaster on a Yorkshire river bore a close resemblance to the neck-or-nothing tactics of the famous *Balaclava* charge. For good or for evil our countrymen follow a fox or a human enemy in the same headlong fashion, and the courage which enabled a few squadrons of horsemen to attack an army is not likely to become extinct so long as gentlemen of ancient lineage and large estate account it their highest honour to be reckoned among "the hardest men in Yorkshire." If, therefore, the death of Sir Charles Slingsby and his companions could be ascribed to rashness, our regret for their untimely end would not be mixed with even a particle of censure on their conduct; for contempt of danger, if it can be called a fault, is very nearly allied to virtue. But it appears that the ferry-boat on the river Ure was large and strong enough to bear the weight that was imposed upon it, at least under circumstances less exceptional than those which caused the sad event. It was built for the special purpose of carrying cattle. It measured 9½ yards long by 3½ yards broad, and its gunwales were, for a very considerable portion of each side, protected by a substantial double rail about two feet in height. It was more like a floating bridge than a boat. To place on board of such a vessel as many men and horses as could find standing-room would not, perhaps, in a cool moment, appear to any of us an act of culpable temerity; and, if our blood was heated with the chase, we should think that those who pushed off with less than a full load, and left us waiting for the next turn, had exhibited a selfish and unreasonable solicitude for the dryness of their skins. It seems to be ascertained that the party which embarked on this disastrous voyage consisted of thirteen men and eleven horses. If we suppose each rider to have stood at his horse's head, the allowance for man and horse of 3½ yards by one yard will not be thought excessive; and if we allowed so much space as this we should more than fill the boat. The party, therefore, could not be got on board without much packing, and safety depends, under such circumstances, on abstinence from disturbing motion during the passage. It would almost certainly have been safe to transport the same number of cart-horses and attendant labourers after a hard day's work upon a farm. But it might have entered into the contemplation of a prudent man that hunters put on board in the middle of an exciting run could not be trusted to maintain absolute tranquillity during the passage. We say a prudent man, well knowing that a person who goes foxhunting at all may be thought scarcely to answer that description, and that a person who deserves it is very unlikely to find a place in what is called "the first flight." It is not only those who are engaged in exciting sport who disregard considerations of personal safety, but mere spectators incur risks about which we will say nothing, as we know that what we might say would remain unheeded. If we could have looked into the minds of those gentlemen who were left upon the bank when Sir Charles Slingsby and the others pushed off from it, we should probably have seen dissatisfaction at the boat not being more closely packed. We should expect that other riders would have added themselves, if they could, to the heavy freight, and any Yorkshire rustic who had joined the chase on foot would have trusted himself without hesitation in the boat, if he had thought that by crossing he would have the smallest chance of seeing a fox killed on the other side.

Other examples of similar disregard of the capacity of boats and the unstable character of water might easily be found in the records of other sports. In remote and barbarous ages it was not uncommon for a pair of prizefighters, accompanied by their seconds, a few gentlemen and a great many blackguards, to go down by railway from Fenchurch Street to a consecrated battle-ground in the Essex marshes. If, by unfortunate accident, the police of that county received warning and interfered to prevent the fight, a demand arose for boats to convey the combatants and spectators across the Thames to another convenient and oft-frequented spot on the coast of Kent. The demand would largely exceed the supply, and the principle of free and open competition would receive an instantaneous and magnificent development. The gentlemen would offer to the boatmen silver, or perhaps gold, and the boatmen would accept it, exhibiting at the same time a total inability to do more for the gentlemen than for the blackguards who offered them not even copper, but only abuse and violence. Precedence would undoubtedly be given to the two principals, because it was felt that without their presence the performance could not begin, but hardly anybody else could entertain a hope of seeing the fight in

any other force. A quite a number at Purfleet market invariably of living by those are struck boat off, thrust their side then a very little not rush to expose which a competi the sake sport was therefor their be and altho rememb and the minds u small bu Saxons The structu any of of late only rec the sam injuries to Mr. cracy mind. less fox doctors at Sir the ca We ar Slingsb 1357, Slingsb and al parks been of Slingsb occur i first be he ente fidelity himself owe th the sa Slingsb Slingsb lowers Royal over i began He ser Guard heavy Charle the pl master tion h the pr many winte instin fate to came proba Slingsb master ment accou anoth comp was r men i this v cause mour his t unles durin could rent the t with

any other way than by the exhibition of superior agility and force. A scrimmage for the chance of being drowned is not quite a rational proceeding, especially considering that the Thames at Purfleet is a broad river, apt to be agitated by passing steamers, and that a gentleman who takes his training in the Haymarket is not exactly in condition for a long swim. But what invariably happens under such circumstances is, that the amount of living freight which the boat shall carry is determined by those who have already secured places, and not by those who are struggling to obtain them. Those on board strive to push the boat off, while those on shore strive to detain her until they can thrust themselves into company which emphatically does not desire them. If those on board prevail, and the boat can be pushed a very little space from shore, the contest ceases; for a man will not rush with his clothes upon him into water, although he will expose himself and any number of others to a degree of danger which approaches certainty of being thrown into it. In such a competition the only thing thought about is to prevail, both for the sake of prevailing and for the sight which is to be seen or the sport which is to be enjoyed on the other side. We are disposed, therefore, rather to wonder that only eleven gentlemen with their horses, and two boatmen, got into the boat upon the Ure; and although we heartily deplore, and shall long and sorrowfully remember, the catastrophe which followed, we must remember—and the name of the place where this catastrophe occurred reminds us—that if, in ancient days, men had feared to venture in small barques upon stormy water, the Danes, and we might say the Saxons also, would never have found their way to England.

The sympathy which has been evoked by this novel and destructive accident is wider and deeper than would be felt upon any of those ordinary casualties of the hunting-field which have of late occurred with rather unusual and painful frequency. It is only recently that Lord Hawke, a name known and honoured in the same circle which Sir Charles Slingsby ornamented, died from injuries received in hunting. This sympathy may perhaps suggest to Mr. Bright that his pet aversions for fox-hunting and aristocracy are not likely within his own time to permeate the public mind. It is not only that all the country gentlemen are more or less foxhunters, but almost all the merchants and lawyers and doctors would be foxhunters if they could. Everybody is grieved at Sir Charles Slingsby's death, and everybody desires to know all that can be known about Sir Charles Slingsby's family and life. We are told that "originally the family name of Sir Charles Slingsby was Scriven, which is the designation of his seat; but in 1357, by the marriage of Johanna de Scriven with William de Slingsby of Studley, the manor of Scriven, with several others, and also the dignity of Capital Forester of the forests and parks near Knaresborough, were united, and have never since been dissolved." Throughout the civil wars of England the Slingsbys took a conspicuous part, and their names continually occur in the history of troublous times. Sir Henry Slingsby, the first baronet, was raised to that distinction by Charles I., whom he entertained at his seat, called the Red House, near York. His fidelity to the Stuarts brought his estates to confiscation, and himself to death on Tower Hill. The biographer to whom we owe these facts proceeds to tell us, as matters coming within the same category, that the father and uncle of Sir Charles Slingsby were masters of hounds. For many generations the Slingsbys have been valiant servants of the Crown and eager followers of the hunt, and if only one of them rode in arms under the Royal standard upon Marston Moor, they have all probably ridden over it many times in pursuit of game. Sir Charles Slingsby began to keep a pack of harriers at fourteen years of age. He served five years in the Blues, but the duty of a Royal Horse Guard under Queen Victoria may be performed without those heavy sacrifices which were gladly made by loyal cavaliers under Charles I. Then he settled down to the duties of a landlord, and the pleasures of his own pack of harriers, until he was offered the mastership of the York and Ainsty hounds in 1853. In this position he became known as one of the best gentleman-huntmen of the present day, and he showed such good sport as to induce many gentlemen to select York as their hunting-quarters for the winter. Many a soldier and huntsman has owed his life to the instinct or endurance of his horse. It was Sir Charles Slingsby's fate to meet his death through a fit of temper or of panic which came upon his old and well-tried hunter. According to the most probable account of the disaster, the horse of Sir Charles Slingsby leapt or fell into the water, dragging after him his master, who had the bridle twisted round his arm. The movement which ensued among men and horses is ascribed in one account to some previous disturbance among the horses, and in another to the anxiety of the men to render assistance to their companion who had been dragged overboard. Anyhow, the weight was shifted to one side of the boat, and then the current, which was running with almost unexampled force, rolled her over, and men and horses were held by the boat under water. It is only in this way that we can explain the drowning of eight horses; because we should have supposed that if any horseman had dismounted, driven his horse into the river, and taken firm hold of his tail, he would have been towed safely to the other side, unless indeed, as is likely, he had become numbed with cold during the passage. But a horse, at any rate if left to himself, could have crossed the river in safety, and the violence of the current would not affect the possibility of the transit, but only prolong the time of making it. However, eight horses were drowned, along with Sir Charles Slingsby and two other gentlemen, the head

whip, and the two men who managed the boat. Seven gentlemen escaped, and among them, as we have said, was Sir George Wombwell, whose "moving accidents by flood and field" would be deemed incredible in fiction. He saw and shared that singular overthrow of the many by the few which occurred a mile deep in what Mr. Kinglake calls the "realms" of the Russian enemy. He shared that charge which drove an army into retreat, and that other more wonderful charge which scattered the obstructing force that sought to bar the passage of the English when they in turn retreated. He retired under a cross-fire up the slope down which under the same cross-fire he had advanced, and in all this perilous service he received no wound. And now he has again escaped when other good men perished. He emerged from beneath the submerged boat and scrambled upon her bottom, while his comrades were entangled with struggling horses, and whirled away upon the raging stream. We lament the fate of these victims of their own rashness, but we do not blame its cause. The honour of the Balaclava charge was dearly bought, but we cannot say that it was not worth the price, and the spirit which is cherished in the hunting-field is cheaply purchased by the nation even at the cost of valuable lives.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

ONE of those melancholy exhibitions which from time to time disgrace our civilization is attracting the usual gaping and unintelligent crowd of London sightseers. Some successor to Barnum has imported the poor Siamese twins into England, and after some forty years of obscurity, these sad exceptions to humanity are again exhibited to anybody who has a shilling to spend in seeing a sight which ought to be painful, and in asking questions or seeking information which can only be disgusting to all decent people. A human monster is something more serious than the bicephalous calf or the woolly horse of the showman, and we are not saying that in the interests of science this very exceptional case in anthropology has not a high value. But it is a value which is purely scientific. Psychological as well as physiological difficulties might be illustrated by an instance which is perhaps solitary; and in proper hands, and under conditions which are perhaps impossible, obscure questions as to the identity and singleness of the will, or the effects on the will of an unusually close sympathy in the circulation and nervous system of two persons united not only by a strange physical union, but by the long connexion of nearly sixty years, might by this case receive very curious, and perhaps important, elucidation. Such inquiries would have to be conducted, if they were taken up at all, under great difficulties in the showman's booth; and what is proclaimed about the twins does not promise well for the trustworthiness of what either Chang or Eng or their professional biographer has to say about them. It is said that the twins have become husbands and fathers during their American retreat; and all that one can say is, that whether this statement is true or false, the fact or the invention is equally disgusting; and the more so, as on this alleged fact the prurient curiosity of the public is mainly interested. Some persons will doubt the fact, because the subsidiary allegation, that one brother has been blessed with six sons and three daughters, while the other's matrimonial quiver has been enriched by the complementary and symmetrical number of three sons and six daughters, has a very legendary and unhistorical aspect. The question of the possibility or desirableness of severing the link which unites them must have been discussed and settled by the European surgeons who saw them eight-and-thirty years ago; and the danger of the fate which Mezentius inflicted on his victims is only now what it has always been. It is said that they have left their home to seek medical advice on this point; but it is certain that they are seeking a second fortune. And though we are very sorry for the hopes of any Southern household which reaches to the patriarchal dimensions of two pairs of parents and eighteen children, yet we should like the facts of the case established by other evidence than that of the voluble *entrepreneur* whose interest it is to excite and gratify the fancies of a London crowd. The two alleged daughters might be anybody's daughters, and the presence of the long-tressed Circassian, the interesting and not retiring *amie de famille*, who completes the party, too forcibly suggests Richardson's show to make us feel more than a languid interest in this association of ethnological curiosities.

For ourselves, we have a confirmed distaste for giants and dwarfs, for piebald boys, and Miss Biffins, or any other faults and mischances in the ordinary working of nature; and to exhibit for shillings, and to expose to idle curiosity, the terrible physical malformations of our fellow-creatures is hardly less offensive than to make show-places of our hospitals and lunatic asylums. That the occasion may be seized by some competent person to draw up a complete monograph of the case we desire rather than expect. Chang and Eng may add another chapter to a horrid, but not uninteresting, book of the last century—*Wanley's Wonders of the Little World*—a catalogue of all the human monsters on record; and it were well that the matter should stop here. But that anything we can say will render this ugly exhibition less popular, or less offensive to all right feeling, and to a proper reverence for humanity, even under this miserable condition of life, we are not sanguine enough to believe.

REVIEWS.

GUICCIARDINI.*

(First Notice.)

THE collection of Guicciardini's unpublished papers, which has been given to the world by his family and has been edited by a learned Italian professor, is one of great value and interest. It has long been known that the family archives contained a great variety of important documents—Guicciardini's correspondence, and other productions of his indefatigable pen; and fragments from time to time have made their appearance. But we now have the bulk of these remains set before us. The editing appears to have been intelligently and carefully done, though it does not come up to the exact precision with which, by good English or French or German editors, the reader is put in full possession of everything relating to the papers before him, and is told, not only what is given to him, and its relation to what has been published before, but also what is withheld from him, what is imperfect, and what is not to be found. We should have preferred a little more of this critical information to Professor Canestrini's prolix though not uninteresting prefaces, in which there is no want of knowledge or of shrewdness and good sense, but in which the knowledge and the good sense are wrapped up in an amplitude of academic full dress which is trying to business-like readers who want to get on with their work and deal with facts. In his fear, too, of unnecessary notes, the editor is rather sparing of desirable elucidation. A foreign reader is perhaps no judge of what is wanted by Italians in illustration of the allusions in the letters to Italian things or persons; but even an Italian might not know who was that "Marchese di Orqueta" who, in Henry VIII.'s time (1512), so curiously attempted to anticipate the policy of later days by attacking France from the Peninsula by the passes of the Pyrenees at Fuentarabia and St. Jean de Luz, or where was that place—called, if Guicciardini remembers rightly, Verruiche—near which the King of Scotland was said to be encamped. An Italian reader might very reasonably ask to be reminded that Guicciardini, who like most of his contemporaries is apt to stumble at foreign names, and expresses Avignon and Valladolid by "Vignone" and "Vagliadulit," was trying to represent the way in which the Spaniards pronounced the outlandish English names of the Marquis of Dorset and the town of Berwick.

A few dates may be convenient in reference to Guicciardini. He was born in 1482; he studied law at Florence, at Ferrara, and at Padua, from 1498 to 1505. In that year he returned to Florence, where he combined the functions of a professor or reader of law with those of an advocate, becoming the standing counsel, as the custom was, of a number of guilds, monasteries, and towns. In 1506 he connected himself by a marriage treaty with the powerful family of the Salviati, a house which always leaned to "close government," and practically to the Medici interest. He was sent in 1512 to Spain, to represent the Republic at the Court of Ferdinand of Aragon, where he remained till the following year—an embassy which did not prevent the surprise and overthrow of the free Government of Florence, and the bloody sack of Prato in a time of peace by the Spanish Viceroy in Italy, and the re-establishment of the Medici. In 1513 he returned home, and joined the party of the Medici; from 1516 to 1523 he was Leo X.'s governor of the "Emilia," the province containing Modena, Reggio, and Parma. From 1524 to 1527 he served the second Medicean Pope, Clement VII., as President of the Romagna. In 1527 came the sack of Rome, followed by the imprisonment of the Pope; in 1530, the final overthrow of Florentine liberty by the allied powers of Pope and Emperor, which was followed by the rule of the revived Medici dynasty. Guicciardini gave his services both to Alessandro and Cosimo, but his part in active life became gradually more limited. Busy with his pen, and a watchful but hopeless observer of the course of the world, he died in 1540. Thus he was ten years old at the accession of Borgia as Pope Alexander VI. (1492), twelve years old (1494) at the time of the great French invasion under Charles VIII. and the revolution which expelled the first Medici and restored the republic. His boyhood was passed in the midst of the feverish and shortlived enthusiasm which the religious republicanism of the great Frate called forth, and of the fierce and deadly hatreds which it provoked. He set himself to study law in the autumn of the year in the early summer of which Savonarola had perished (1498). While he was growing up, and following University lectures at Ferrara and Padua, it was the palmy days of the Borgia triumphs (1500-1503), succeeded by the first openings of the political game of Julius II. Pope Julius, Ferdinand of Aragon, Maximilian, and Louis XII. were filling the world with dismay at their boundless perfidy, and with admiration for their ambition and power, when the young lawyer was starting in public life at Florence; he was setting up house, and bringing his wife home during the month which preceded the League of Cambray, December 10th, 1508; he made his last arrangements about his marriage settlement a few days after it was signed. Such were the events and circumstances amid which he grew up, and first became acquainted with the world and the ways of men. When he was thirty, he heard in Spain of the terrible battle of Ravenna, and of the sacrifice of the last free State on the mainland of Italy to the necessities and ambition of the

great contending Powers (1512). He returned home, hopeless of free government, deeply impressed with the vast chances of the Pope, as the one native power in Italy, in the varying and perilous struggle. A Pope to him was simply a temporal prince, in a thin but most convenient disguise, who would as often gain as lose in the political game, who had just as much right to play high in it as a King of Spain or of France, and to play it as cunningly and as remorselessly as they, and who was the only one of the players who represented distinctly, and with sufficient power, Italian interests. When he came home from Spain he had made up his mind. He threw himself on what seemed to him the rising tide of the age. He accepted the Medici at Florence; he devoted himself without reserve to the service of the Popes, who were also Medici. It may be added that he lived to see to what extent the forecasts of his subtle and cautious mind were made good by the event. He was right in a great deal; he proved wrong in much more. With all his keenness and sagacity, he had not detected the ruling tendencies of the time or the deeper movements which were to shape the future.

Guicciardini's fame as a writer is an ambiguous one. His History of Italy takes rank, conventionally and in libraries, among the great modern examples of classical writing and historical art. From its first appearance it has been read and weighed by men of thought and men of action, and has undoubtedly influenced their minds. It quickened, and partly perhaps shaped, their own reflections on policy and the nature of man. It stamped upon literature and general opinion its aspect of the ruin of Italy and the crimes of the Popes. It set up a standard of composition which unconsciously perhaps stimulated and regulated the efforts of men so different in their ways and so original as De Thou, Davila, and Lord Clarendon. And there are many reasons why it should be considered a great work. It is grave, full, impartial, judicious. The subject is handled in a large and elevated way. It is full of sagacity and power—sagacity calm and always conscious both of its penetration and its limits; power never baffled, nor failing in discrimination and clearness, before the more complicated phenomena of character. No one can wonder at the fame of a work of such massive proportions and strength. Yet it is one of the classics which we respect but do not love. Before our own times readers found it dull. The prolixity of the narrative, and the artificial array of the ponderous and intricately woven sentences, have long been felt as severe trials. The joke of the criminal who, when offered his choice between the galleys and reading Guicciardini, broke down hopelessly at the war of Pisa, if it was intelligible when first made, is much more intelligible to readers of Lord Macaulay. Its moral tone, too, its cold passionless recognition of the facts of boundless wickedness, repelled or perplexed. Montaigne, of all men, professed himself to be shocked at the way in which Guicciardini writes as if religion and conscience were things no longer in the world, and tracks with relentless suspicion what seem the finest actions to their hidden springs of selfishness or corruption.

The judgments which we form of Guicciardini from his History are considerably modified by an acquaintance with his other writings. The History was his latest work; and Guicciardini, we suspect, was one of those men who do not improve as writers as they get older. Their knowledge and experience grow, and perhaps their ideas; but not, in the same proportion, their power and spring of mind. They turn solemn, diffuse, formal. In their caution and fear of mistakes, they entangle and overload themselves with details and qualifications which they have not strength and liveliness enough to throw into their proper places. They become slaves to artificial rules of correctness and propriety, both in the plan and the treatment of their subject; in what they think due to its importance and dignity, and in making their language correspond to this dignity. In their fear of what is bold, and their distrust of what is natural and simple, they become dry, thin, and wooden in their writing, or, what is worse, elaborately pompous. When Guicciardini sat down to write his History of Italy, he remembered that he had a reputation to sustain, great models to rival or excel, posterity to impress; his work rose before his mind on a large and imposing scale; it was to prove his familiarity with courts, with letters, with men and affairs; it was to be the monument of his political wisdom, it was to shine with reflections and sagacious remarks and classical sentences. The work came out not unworthy of its theme, full of authentic statement, full of keen thought; but life and play and easy movement had disappeared before the courtier's notions of what was decorous and stately, and the scholar's notions of what was elaborate and ample in style. He had great success in constructing astonishing sentences in which everything relating to the main subject was remembered, contrasted, balanced, qualified; people admired them, but the strain and effort were too obvious and too continuous, and readers soon got tired of them. These remains show that this manner of writing was a studied and artificial one. In this voluminous collection we may see distinctly how Guicciardini broke himself in for the style of his History; he appears like a rhetorician of the schools under the Roman Empire, composing set orations, deliberative, judicial, and so forth, on various questions of the time, in which a vast amount of windy declamation is curiously mixed up with interesting notices of fact and real insight into affairs. Among them, for instance, is a long and elaborate speech against himself, in which a supposed accuser alleges and heightens with circumstantial detail and passionate invective Guicciardini's offences against the State in his public life, and sets forth the reasons why he should be punished with the utmost severity; and this is followed by a reply in defence. But he did not always

* Opere inedite di Francesco Guicciardini, illustrate da G. Canestrini. 10 vols. Firenze: 1857-1867. C. J. Stewart, King William Street, Strand, W.C.

write in this forced and pedantic fashion. The collection contains a great quantity of business letters of great interest for the history of the time; his correspondence, public and private, from the Court of Ferdinand of Aragon in 1512-13; his correspondence as the Papal representative in the Romagna under Leo X., and again under Clement VII. when the Constable of Bourbon was marching through his province on Rome; and these letters are those of an able, keen-sighted, and energetic officer, alive to emergency, and with his powers strung to meet it—plain, clear, exact, and forcible in all that he writes. The collection contains also the interesting fragment of Florentine history from the Government of the first Cosimo de' Medici to the League of Cambray (1433-1508), written in his youth, when Soderini was still Gonfaloniere, and in the midst of the men who had been active in the Republican Government, and had followed or opposed Savonarola, whom Guicciardini, a boy of twelve, had probably seen die. It contains also a series of detached thoughts on the political and moral phenomena of the day, and various notes and memoranda about his family and life. In all these papers Guicciardini writes like a man who thinks more of his subject than of the grandeur and skill of his sentences—a man full of family affection and household interest; full of shrewd appreciation of all things round him, keenly observant and not easily deceived, with few illusions and no very high standard or hope, but with much considerateness, an evident wish to do justice broadly and substantially, and, along with an undisguised desire to advance himself, with very genuine public spirit and interest in the greatness and welfare of his famous city.

The papers about his family and his own life have in them much that is interesting. They were written solely for the eyes of members of his house, who were in the most solemn way enjoined to allow no copy of them to get abroad, nor even to permit them to be seen by strangers—an injunction which his present descendants have wisely not thought themselves bound to comply with. They are written, he says, only for the instruction of his descendants: "Io l'ho scritte solamente a quello fine, come quello che desidero due cose al mondo più che alcuna altra: l'una la esaltazione perpetua di questa città e della libertà sua; l'altra la gloria di casa nostra, non solo vivendo io, ma in perpetuo." His family for several generations had produced a line of busy citizens and successful traders, men with a watchful eye to their own interests, hearty haters of disorder, enthusiasm, and popular ignorance and blundering, with much public spirit and a keen relish of the pleasures of life. His biographical accounts of his ancestors for the century before him give a vivid and lifelike picture of varieties of the well-to-do Florentine burgher, men of weight and activity in the affairs of the city, but not reaching the first rank. They were public officers, commissaries, captains of galleys, ambassadors, *cavalieri*, *Gonfalonieri di Giustizia*; fifteen times, he says, this honour came to their house, and only five other families could boast of having had it oftener. They made money; they had shops; they went the voyage to England or the Levant. In the factions of Florence the family was represented on both sides; and, in the alternations of fortune, the Guicciardini who was on the winning side took care of the Guicciardini on the losing side. Thus, when Cosimo de' Medici was banished, Giovanni befriended Cosimo's partisan Piero; and when Cosimo returned, Piero's interest saved Giovanni. But, on the whole, the family took the Medici side; several of its members were leading supporters of Cosimo, and his son and grandson. Yet there was some reserve; when the Medici fell, the Guicciardini do not appear to have suffered, and when the Medici came back, the Guicciardini were at hand with their service. They had constant employment, without doing anything conspicuous or being very successful. Their descendant, with a curious mixture of family feeling and outspoken candour, notes their characteristic traits, and balances their faults and their good qualities. They were a very handsome race; they were hot-tempered men, as the historian himself appears from his letters to have been considered to be; and he is particular to record, and does so without scruple, that they were almost all men of pleasure; but they were fair dealers in money matters. A family likeness runs through most of them to the portrait here drawn:—

Fu uomo animoso [he is speaking of Luigi, his great-uncle] e di buono cervello, ma un poco furioso e volenteroso nelle cose sue, che fu causa di fargli pigliare molte imprese, di che riuscì con poco onore. Nelle cose dello stato, fu partigiano de' Medici, e per loro si sarebbe assai adoperato, massime innanzi agli ultimi tempi, ne quali non si tenne molto bene contento di Lorenzo. Circa alla coscienza, fu netto dei fatti della roba di altri, e veddesse lo effetto, che benché avesse quattro mogli, non avesse figliuoli legittimi, avesse lo stato grande e assai fattorie che erano di più utile che oggi, e godessi etiam molti anni le entrate del figliuolo prete; non di meno lasciò poche sostanze. . . . Fu uomo di corpo bello, statura grande, e bianco e gentile aria, e di complessione molto robusta, che si vedde e in tutta la vita che fu savissimo, e nella morte, che benché fussi di ottanta anni, morì con grandissima fatica e passione come se fusse giovane. Fu libidinissimo etiam vecchio circa le femmine, e sarebbe posto a scherzare colle sue fante, e a motteggiare etiam per la via con qualche vile donna avessi riscontro, senza rispetto alcuno o della età o della dignità sua.

One of them incurs his descendant's very marked contempt. He had let himself be driven out of the Palace, when chief magistrate, by a mob, and was much blamed for his cowardice. There is something delightful in the gravity with which Guicciardini distinguishes in the matter, and, acquitting his ancestor of all blame for running away to save his life, points out that the mean-spirited stupidity was in not taking care beforehand, by crushing his enemies, that he should not have to run away:—

Tutti coloro che hanno scritto questo movimento danno carico grande alla

Signoria, e massime al Gonfaloniere per esserne capo, e biasimangli come uomini vili e da pochi, che non dovevano mai abbandonare il palagio. Io non intendo ora giustificare particolarmente questa accusa, ma la conclusione è che ogni uomo savio non avrebbe fatto altrimenti; perchè avevano la moltitudine inimica e gli Otto della guerra, i quali gli tradirono; erano abbandonati da' Collegi e da' buoni cittadini, in modo che quel partito fu necessario, e furono ancora confortati e pregati da' Collegi per minore male. Perchè e' non è dubbio se avessero voluto fare resistenza, ne sarebbero usciti in ogni modo con qualche detrimento loro grande di morte o di altro, e con più danno della città; perchè la moltitudine si mitigò alquanto vedendogli cedere in qualche cosa. Ma la verità è ben questa, che e' meritano di essere biasimati in due cose: l'una che non punirono rigidamente, o per misericordia o per poco animo, quegli che avevano sostenuti, e specialmente Messer Salvestro [de' Medici]; il che, se avessino fatto, sarebbe stato facile cosa che la moltitudine spaventata e vedutasi torre i capi, si fussi quietata: l'altra che quando ebbono notizia di quello che apparecchiavano i Ciompi, non feciono i rimedii potettono, e di levare su i cittadini che gli avrebbero favoriti, che tutti potettono fermi, e di fare venire fanterie di fuori che era loro facile. Ma fidaronsi degli Otto e rapportaronsi a' preparamenti loro, i quali gli tradirono; sì che il Gonfaloniere non merita di essere biasimato di avere a ultimo abbandonato il palagio, perchè questa deliberazione fu necessaria, e di meno danno alla città che se violentemente ne fussi stato cavato e morto. Ma bene può essere caricato di essergli mancato l'animo, o vero abbandonato la misericordia, che è specie di dappocaggine, a punire i tristi, e così d' avere avuta troppa fede in chi non doveva.

But, with a contemptuous fairness, he gives this unworthy ancestor his due:—

Secondo posso ritrarre, fu uomo che ebbe un poco la lingua lunga, e dovette essere di poco animo: e non credo anche fussi il più savio cittadino del mondo, ma dovette essere ordinario uomo, massime nelle cose dello stato. Può bene essere che nelle mercatanze fussi valente, e gli effetti la dimostrano: perchè quando il padre morì, ebbe a restituire tanto che non gli avanzò molta roba, e non di meno fu poi ricchissimo: e la ricchezza, e lo essere uomo di buona natura e si buona casa, e credo liberale, gli dettono riputazione anche nello stato.

He is careful to record that there was a bishop in the family; that he was a bastard, and gained his bishopric by simony; and that, though he had plenty of brains and a wonderful memory, he was otherwise very like the laymen of the family:—

Fu uomo di cervello e ingegno assai con modo, ma furioso e mutabile, e di poco animo: ebbe una memoria profonda, colla quale teneva a mente tutti i fatti e le cose sue, benché non ne scrivesse nessuno. Furono i costumi sua cattivi, perchè e' fu dedito assai alla lussuria, nel quale vizio fu notato pubblicamente e ebbene carico grandissimo non solo da giovane, ma da vecchio e insino al tempo che morì. Nella gola seguì l'uso degli altri preti che si stanno a Firenze a poltroneggiare, che il pensare a mangiare era delle maggiori faccende che abbino. Circa allo spendere fu liberale e magnifico in vestire, in tenere buono e onorevole corte, in convivere spesso e bene; ma avaro nel distribuire le sue entrate secondo le opere della pietà, così in tutto quello che tornassi utile a parenti, co' quali volle sempre vedere le cose minutamente, in modo che nè in vita, nè in morte, non giovò mai loro. Così fu anco avaro co' suoi servitori. . . . Fu di natura molto collierico tanto che era quasi intollerabile. La vita sua fu molto prospera, perchè essendo bastardo, e non avendo lettere o virtù, conseguì tanti benefici e tante dignità. . . . Fu di corpo bellissimo, perchè era grande di statura, bianco e bell'aria: fu sanissimo e gagliardissimo. Ebbe alla morte tutti i sacramenti della Chiesa; non so già con che disposizione gli pigliassi, ma aveva gran paura e dolore della morte. Morì essendo di anni 54, e visse talmente che io n'ho fatto menzione più tosto per fare memoria di quella dignità che ebbe, (che innanzi a lui non solo non fu mai vescovo in casa, ma nè ancora forse prete alcuno,) che per tenere conto delle qualità e costumi sua.

A pleasanter picture is this of an old Florentine gentlewoman, Guicciardini's grandmother, whose only fault was that she was so timid:—

Non solo ebbe compiutamente tutte quelle parti che si aspettano a una donna, e di forma che fu più che mediocre, e di governo di casa in che fu eccellente; ma ancora ebbe ottimo ingegno e giudizio in quelle cose che si aspettano agli uomini. Lei sapeva giocare comodamente a scacchi e sbaraglino; leggere benissimo: non era sì forte di abaco, ma che datogli un poco di tempo non avessi fatto, non con le regole ordinarie della aritmetica e che si insegnano per le scuole, ma col cervello suo. Ebbe buona notizia delle cose dello stato, e tale che molti uomini che vi sono drento adoperati non hanno forse tanta, e volentieri parlava e udiva parlare di tutte quelle cose che sono proprio ragionamento di uomini: ebbene accompagnata la bontà in modo che visse e morì santamente. Alle parti sopradette se si fussi aggiunto uno animo conveniente, sarebbe stata da ogni banda eccellentissima; ma la fu più timida ancora che non si aspetta a una donna. Nonne voluto fare menzione, perchè rispetto a queste virtù io sono affezionatissimo alla memoria sua: l'ho amata assai mentre era in vita, sendo io ancora fanciullo, perchè la morì nel 1498, e più l'amò così morta, perchè l'età mi fa più gustare le sue virtù.

Of his father he speaks always with great tenderness and affection. It is curious, in the letters between him and his brothers, to see the familiar way in which the father is always spoken of by his Christian name, Piero, as if he were one of themselves, and lived with them on terms of equality. He was inclined to the party of Savonarola, and brought up his son carefully and well—"santamente"; and he did him the inestimable benefit of saving him, in the days of Borgias and Medicis, from seeking riches and advancement by becoming a priest; though by no means to the satisfaction at the time of the ambitious young gentleman, who did not understand being balked by scruples of the benefices of his uncle the bishop:—

Nel detto anno morì Messer Rinieri, mio zio, che era arcidiacono di Firenze e vescovo di Cortona, e aveva di entrata di benefici pressa a ducati 1500. E stimandosi per molti, quando aveva male che era infermità lunga, mi dovessi rinunziare i suoi benefici, e io desiderandolo, non per poltroneggiarmi con la entrata grande come fanno la più parte degli altri preti, ma perchè mi pareva, sendo io giovane e con qualche lettera, che fussi uno fondamento da farmi grande nella chiesa, e da poterne sperare di essere un dì Cardinale; e benché M. Rinieri non fussi molto disposto a rinunziare, pure l'avrebbe fatto con rigresso, e massime quando ne fusse stato stretto da Piero mio padre, a chi poteva riverenza grande, e finalmente, non se ne fece nulla. Perchè Piero al tutto dispose di non volere alcuno figliuolo prete, benché avessi cinque figliuoli maschi, parendogli che le cose della chiesa fussino molto trascurate: e volle più tosto perdere la utilità grande che era presente e la

speranza di fare uno figliuolo gran maestro, che maculare la coscienza sua di fare un figliuolo prete per cupidità di roba o di grandezza; e questa fu la vera cagione che lo mosse, e io ne fu contento il meglio che io potetti.

Guicciardini had the habit, in important crises of his life, when reviewing his position and circumstances, of putting his thoughts into the shape of an address to himself. There is a curious mixture of outspoken satisfaction and genuine self-reproach, joined with a pleasant touch of his affection for his father, in the following call on himself for correction and exertion, which he has preserved among his papers probably because it was written just when he was on the point of losing his father, or perhaps when, without knowing it, he had already lost him. It was written during his embassy in Spain:—

Francesco, la età in che tu sei ora mai, avendo già finito i trent'anni, la grandezza di molti e infiniti benefici che tu medesimo riconosci avere ricevuti da Dio, lo essere di tanto intelletto che tu cognosci la vanità di questa vita, quanto i cattivi debbono temere e i buoni sperare della futura: ti dovrebbero ridurre in uno modo di vivere, che tu doveresti deliberarti di voler procedere come si conviene alle ragioni sopradette, e come si appartiene non a uno fanciullo e giovane ma a un vecchio. E poi che Dio ti a dato grazia che nelle cose del mondo la patria e i cittadini tua ti hanno deputato liberalmente e ordinariamente a gradi e esercizi sopra la età e li anni tua, e la divina grazia vi t'ha insino a oggi conservato drento con più riputazione e gloria che tu non meriti; debbi anche nelle cose divine e spirituali accomodarti a questo medesimo maneggio, e fare tali opere che Dio per sua benignità ti abbi a dare quella parte in paradiso che tu medesimo desideri nel mondo. E certo la vita e i costumi tua non sono stati insino a oggi degni di uno uomo nobile, figliuolo di buono padre, allevato da piccolo santamento, nè di quella prudenza che tu giudichi in te: ne vi puoi senza grandissima vergogna almeno teo medesimo perseverare.

But even filial reverence and affection could not make Guicciardini forego his habitual determination to see a man as he was; and even in favour of his father he could not pass by without animadversion the fault for which he had least patience, want of spirit:—

Fu Piero uomo molto savio, e di grande indicio e vedere quanto alcuno altro che fussi a Firenze nel tempo suo: e così fu di coscienza buona e netta al pari di ogni altro cittadino, amatore del bene della città e de' poveri, nè mai fece uno minimo torto a nessuno. Per le quali cose e per le qualità della casa e passati sua, fu insino da giovane cominciato a essere stimato assai, e così si conservò sempre, in modo che al tempo della morte era in grandissima riputazione: e si teneva che di cervello e gravità, da G. B. Ridolfi in fuori, non fussi in Firenze uomo che lo agguagliassi. E se alla bontà e prudenza sua si fussi aggiunta un poco più di vivacità, sarebbe stato più riputato assai: ma lui, o perchè la natura gli dessi così, o perchè lo richiedessero i tempi che correvano, che furono in verità forti e strani, procedeva nelle cose sue con poco animo e con sospetto grande; pigliando poche imprese, travagliandosi nelle cose dello stato adagio e con grande maturità, ne volendo se non quando la necessità o la coscienza lo stringeva dichiarare nelle cose importanti lo anim' e parere suo. Per il che, non si facendo capo di parte o di imprese nuove, non era così sempre in bocca di ognuno. . . . non di meno questo procedere lo servì ad altro effetto, che in tante turbolenze che ebbe a' tempi sua la città, lui sempre si conservò in stato e senza pericolo: il che non accadeva a alcuno altro suo pari, che tutti li altri uomini grandi corrono in qualche tempo pericolo della vita o della roba.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S LECTURES.*

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S first course of lectures fully justifies the choice of the Oxford electors. The selection of subjects by one among many successive teachers of an unprogressive art must be in some degree arbitrary, and therefore partial; for it is useless to repeat eulogies on the acknowledged masters of poetry, or to accumulate new illustrations of undisputed doctrines; yet a true critic entering the labyrinth of poetry by any one of its approaches will find ample employment for his faculty of discovery and guidance. It is true that he will not teach any man to be a poet, except perhaps by encouraging aspirants to try, with such arguments as those which Sir F. Doyle urges against Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, only rebukes "young pseudo-poets;" but Sir F. Doyle answers that it is impossible to tell whether their gift is genuine, except by experiment. Sometimes, as he acutely adds, the accomplishment of verse enables those who are not high poets to produce high poetry under some extraordinary impulse of enthusiasm or passion:—

And I say that the spirit of England is stronger, and the literature of England richer even unto this day, because Colonel Lovelace was able to stand forth, for Puritan and Loyalist alike, out of the multitude of gentlemen and men of honour, to stand forth, and fix in living words that answer to such appeals from mothers and lovers, sisters and sweethearts, which has to be given by all true men, and accepted by all true women, as implacable and final for evermore.

It is undoubtedly true that "if Colonel Lovelace's verse-making tendencies had been sternly repressed," he would never have written the two famous lines,

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more.

And in the literature of England, and of other countries, there are many similar instances of single and exceptional inspiration. Bishop Berkeley, though he was a great philosopher and a lucid writer, possessed of "every virtue under heaven," proved himself a poet only in three or four stanzas on that Western world to which he devoted some years of his life. On the other hand, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Milton himself have written some of the very worst verses which encumber collections of English poetry. Sir F. Doyle's argument for a system of apprenticeship to the art of poetry leads by a natural sequence to the proposition that the most characteristic of poetical gifts is not different in kind from the faculties of ordinary men. It is not certain whether critics who speak of imagi-

nation as the exclusive property of creative minds aim at scientific precision, or merely cultivate rhetorical effect. "We must distinctly recognise as a fact that everybody possesses some imagination. We call one man imaginative, as we call another muscular, not meaning thereby that weaker persons are without the same muscles, but only that they do not impress us with a special sense of their existence." The range of intellectual inequality is, perhaps, wider than the difference between a prizefighter and a sedentary valetudinarian; but the presence of imagination may be traced wherever the simplest metaphor is employed, unless indeed the phrase is a commonplace or a plagiarism. "The first conditional element of the imagination seems to be a particular form of memory which presents its facts in groups, with all their attendant circumstances and details retraced to the life. . . . If we join to this a power of unlimited combination out of all the contents of such a gallery, a power, as Shakspeare calls it, of bodying forth from the endless variety of things known the forms of things unknown, and of turning them, by the help of language, into shapes, we have before us, I think, the imaginative faculty in the rough." Accuracy of recollection, and the more original power of grouping, are equally indispensable elements of imagination. Wordsworth's "inward eye" is equally concise and perfect in figurative correctness of expression. The different parts of the object contemplated must be united in a picture, and not enumerated as in a catalogue. Perhaps the nearest physical analogy to an imaginative intellect is furnished by a stereoscope; for true poetry adds to the surface, with its colour and form, the solid dimension which satisfies the touch as well as the sight. Sir F. Doyle, in consistency with his theory, rejects, as might be expected, the generic distinction which Wordsworth and many subsequent writers have endeavoured to establish between fancy and imagination. Attaching little weight to the suggestion that fancy is the Greek equivalent of the Latin or Latinized word *imagination*, Sir Francis Doyle considers that both faculties are essentially the same: "Imagination is fancy, with ardour of thought and heat of passion borne through it. Fancy is imagination, playing as the Northern light, and glittering without intensity or warmth." The definition or antithesis, though frequently applicable, is neither exhaustive nor universally true. The highest imagination is often independent of passion, while fancy is, as Sir F. Doyle says, uniformly cold. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that imagination is intuitive and involuntary, while fancy is always deliberate and intentional. Although there is perhaps little advantage in illustrating the obscure by what is still obscurer, as in the proposition that an omer is half of an ephah, it may be added that humour is closely connected with imagination, and wit with fancy. In all descriptions of the kind it is necessary to remember that, although it may be convenient to speak of "memory and imagination and humour and fancy as if they were independent and self-existent substances, they are after all intimately and indissolubly connected in one homogeneous mind. The composite life within is always one thing, and acts invariably in one mass. Like Wordsworth's cloud, 'it moveth altogether, if it move at all.'"

Either in conformity with academic usage, or with the more pardonable object of expressing a well-founded conviction of his own, Sir F. Doyle, at the close of his inaugural lecture, briefly deviates into the alien sphere of moral utility:—"The use of the imagination, as a moral element, is to fight against selfishness. This it ought to do by giving life to an intelligent sympathy with the thoughts and emotions of others; while the danger to which it exposes men is, that if they give way to the habit of looking 'upon the world as a stage, and on all its men and women as merely players,' the heart may grow cold, even while the understanding is enlarged." The use of the imagination for the purposes of a Professor of Poetry is to make poetry possible; nor is it Sir Francis Doyle's business in his official capacity to trouble himself about intelligent sympathy or possible coldness of heart. Artists, critics of art, and scientific inquirers, ought in their own department to be as indifferent to moral good and evil as the gods of Epicurus. Since in a rhyme, in a cosine, or in an acid, there is neither right nor wrong, it follows that a discussion of their properties is only confused by ethical interruptions. The distinctive character of true poetry lies far more in form than in matter; and the practical purposes to which the imagination may be applied at spare times have as little to do with art, as the question whether a hunter goes quiet in harness with his performances in the field. In a criticism, not of a poem, but of a lecture, it is allowable to admit that Sir F. Doyle's irrelevant dogma is in itself both sound and important. Thoroughly unimaginative men, however kindly and amiable, are, by reason of their necessary ignorance of human nature, incapable of governing their fellow-creatures in Cabinets, in Parliaments, in private society, and in domestic life. The common case of excellent husbands and wives who make one another's lives intolerable for fifty years together might, to a close observer, frequently indicate no worse defect than a total want of imagination. As members of the Turf pretend that their pursuit supplies a valuable breed of horses for ordinary use, a sophistical apologist of poetry might perhaps maintain that it is expedient to cultivate the flower of verse because the root and stem of imagination conduce largely to human happiness. A Professor, as Sir F. Doyle would probably allow, ought to take the legitimacy of his subject-matter for granted.

The two lectures which follow are devoted to provincial poetry, and to a criticism of Dr. Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. By provincial poetry Sir F. Doyle means verse composed in a language

* *Lectures on Poetry*. Delivered before the University of Oxford in 1868. By Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart., Professor of Poetry. London: Macmillan & Co.

which has not been otherwise used in literary composition. His illustrations are drawn principally from Mr. Barnes's admirable poems in the Dorsetshire dialect, which have not been more fully or more nicely appreciated by any previous critic. Guarding himself with humorous caution against the formidable indignation of Scotchmen, Sir F. Doyle points out the advantages which Mr. Barnes derives from his scholastic attainments:—

When a man of great natural genius like Burns (God forbid that I should call Burns a provincial poet, but perhaps I may use him for purposes of illustration) thinks and feels, and writes what he thinks and feels in one dialect, after having been imperfectly educated in another, he is apt to attach a fictitious value to the long words and polyglot phrases which he may have gathered from his dialect of education.

Mr. Barnes, who, according to his own account, talked pure Dorsetshire in his childhood, has since learned conventional English, as well as many other languages; and he is consequently able to confine himself to the use of his mother tongue when he intentionally employs it for the purposes of poetry. The people of Dorsetshire speak a pure and original form of English, but their language is used only in the oral intercourse of the indigenous and immovable population. They consequently have no phrases to express abstract or unfamiliar thoughts; while, on the other hand, every local object has a specific name. Sir F. Doyle observes that Mr. Barnes "has confined himself to the lyrical interpretation of such simple emotions as arise out of the simple drama of an average country life." He might have added that he has confined himself, not only to Dorsetshire, but to the lowland districts of the county, where he heard and spoke in his youth the language which his genius will long preserve. Even a few miles from home, on the fir-clad hills which bound the valleys of Avon and of "stoneless Stour," Mr. Barnes is ill at ease, as an ancient dweller on the Tiber might have found himself if he had wandered to the Volscian heights. It is through a fine instinct of artistic fitness, and not from deliberate moral design, that Mr. Barnes, in his character as a poet, satisfies Wordsworth's definition:—

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

In discussing the laws and conditions of poetry, a Professor could have found no more appropriate topic than the convenience of a simple and sensuous vehicle for a form of utterance which would be vulgarized by rhetorical amplification. Socrates, in the *Phædrus*, denounces literature on the ground of its tendency to weaken the memory; nor can any accurate observer doubt that some intellectual faculties are really blunted by the practice of reading and writing. The effect of books and newspapers in spoiling language is conspicuously exhibited by all classes, except the most highly educated, in England and America, and the uneducated portion of the rural population in England. The language of books and of civilized society contains a nucleus of pure and idiomatic English which genuine poets extract for their own use,

apis Matine
More modogue
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum.

Provincial or spoken dialects require far less care in selection; and it is one of their principal advantages "that the vigorous mind has to impress a portion of its own strength and life on the few forms of utterance which constitute its whole vocabulary." There is scarcely one among the native dialects of England which would not contain less prosaic admixture than the conventional language. The richest among them derives its superiority both from having been spoken by an independent people, and from the accident of having been used by two writers of genius. Lowland Scotch has been chiefly immortalized by Burns; but Lord Cockburn, a not incompetent judge, declared that it had never been so adequately used in literature as by Professor Wilson in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

Sir F. Doyle's comments on provincial language and poetry are highly interesting and instructive, but his lecture on Dr. Newman and his remarkable poem was probably more popular at Oxford. A captious critic might object that, since a division of labour rendered the title of *Vates* with its double meaning obsolete, a prophet who happens to adopt a metrical form of expression can no longer rank as a poet. As Sir F. Doyle truly says of Dr. Newman, "the inaccessible muse Urania is almost his only patroness; from her eight earthier sisters he gets hardly any assistance." The lecture on the *Dream of Gerontius* contains much valuable criticism on Wordsworth, and on Calderon as known through translations; but personal reverence and admiration apparently tinge the praise which is hesitatingly bestowed on Dr. Newman's poem. The tribute which is paid to goodness and to intellectual power ought to be the more acceptable because it seems to be unconnected with the faintest theological sympathy. Hereafter Sir F. Doyle will perhaps reflect that virtue and genius are not poetry, although they may sometimes provide it with a subject. A treatise on the merits of Agamemnon would not be a criticism on Homer.

For the most part the lectures are rightly devoted to inquiries into some of the elements of poetry, and there are topics enough of the same kind to occupy future courses. A Professor of Poetry would not have taught in vain if he could explain why none but a true poet has ever written a single melodious verse. It is almost a duty of his office to eliminate the element of preaching from poetry, although it may be prudent not to denounce too loudly the intrusion of morality and religion into the region of art. In a criticism on the *Idyls of the King*, the author, who, according to report, was

Mr. Gladstone, founded a great part of his deserved eulogy on the soundness of the moral sentiments which are enunciated by King Arthur. Deeper investigation would have shown that the value of the passages quoted consisted in the perfectly harmonious expression of thoughts exquisitely adapted to the character and occasion. Satan's speeches in hell are sometimes equally poetical, though they are less edifying. In his preface Sir F. Doyle expresses a wish that his lectures may be regarded as speeches rather than as essays. In either character they are for the most part singularly graceful in style, displaying the command of language which is best attained in prose by the sedulous cultivation of verse. The anecdotes and allusions which evidently represent a humorous idiosyncrasy, although they may probably have been acceptable in the lecture-room, perhaps occasionally compromise the dignity of didactic literature.

MRS. SOMERVILLE ON MOLECULAR AND MICROSCOPIC SCIENCE.*

AMONG the many marvels of nature which Mrs. Somerville has made it her task through life to expound or to illustrate, she might herself, to our thinking, be set down as by no means the least worthy of mark. After being for more years than we altogether like to recall, or than we can easily reckon up at the moment, a household word in every place of education or of youthful study, it almost startles us to find her well-known name attached to a treatise comprising some of the latest discoveries of physical science, and displaying faculties not only the clearest and most retentive, but also the freshest and most vigorous, in their reproduction and expression of facts. The same rare and happy combination of mental gifts which made Mrs. Somerville the most popular interpreter of nature to the young or the less technically instructed among us shines out in this latest production of her pen, bright, vigorous and perennial as of old. The generation to whom she largely imparted the rudiments of physical knowledge can now crown the education of their children, or keep their own stock of scientific attainments up to the modern mark, by the aid of those labours to which she has given the unimpaired force of her green old age. Not a few of those now in the van of scientific progress—some, like Faraday, no longer with us—have not been ashamed to trace their first dawning interest in physics, and their earliest steps in the path of natural observation and study, to her *Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, published as long ago as 1834. Her *Physical Geography*, in 1848, was the means of drawing popular attention to the results obtained through the labours of a host of explorers, voyagers, and scientific thinkers; while her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, as early as 1831, brought down to the intelligence of the many the brilliant discoveries and bold speculations embodied in the great work of Laplace. We hail with pleasure the announcement that this indefatigable writer has in the press a new edition of the second of this series of works, in which she will doubtless bring up her summary of physical geography to the level of the latest extension of our knowledge. In the two volumes now before us, *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*, she has shown herself in all respects abreast of the scientific movement of the day, and has set forth, in language as clear and expressive as ever, the most recent and the most pregnant secrets which nature has yielded up under the enhanced powers of modern observation and analysis. Her present field of observation comprises generally all those ultimate truths for which we are mainly indebted to the power of the microscope, as expanded by new processes and worked by a more organized and numerous body of observers. The first portion of the work is devoted to giving a popular idea of the present state of molecular science, showing what may be considered sufficiently proved and recognised facts with regard to the forces and powers of nature, the ultimate constituents or elements of matter, and the general laws deducible from the phenomena of their reciprocal action. A distinction has to be first laid down between molecules and atoms. Atoms, the nature of which must remain to a certain extent hypothetical, are conceived as "the ultimate constituents of homogeneous simple substances"; molecules being "groups of heterogeneous atoms, united in definite proportions, constituting such substances as are compound." High-pressure steam, Mrs. Somerville instances, is invisible as it issues from the boiler, yet each of its molecules contains two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. "The perfume of a flower is a compound invisible substance formed of molecules." We know nothing, she is properly careful to say, of the "forms either of atoms or of the groups of atoms which we call molecules." But she is scarcely clear enough upon this point to guard against misunderstanding on the part of her less advanced readers. Her language might be taken in some places to encourage the crude traditional conceit of the early atomists, which would seem to be reviving in the minds of certain aspiring physicists of our day, as though we had arrived at the ultimate and simple *ἀτομον* of Democritus—something hard and absolutely indivisible, a tiny sphere, a cube, or other solid, more or less densely packed, but in itself incompressible. What do we really know of the physical nature or minute relations of atoms, beyond the law of definite proportions, according to which we find that all substances, whatever their ultimate constituents, are permeated by, and in fact exist by virtue of, a law of number? "We cannot suppose atoms," writes the author, "otherwise than excessively hard, since, conceive how we will, we are sure that an atom, whatever be its

* *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*. By Mary Somerville. 2 vols. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1869.

form in nature, is ever the same. It never wears, it never changes, though it may have formed part of thousands of bodies and entered into thousands of combinations organic and inorganic. When set free by their dissolution, it is ready to enter into a new series; it is indestructible even by fire, the same now as when created."

A good deal of truth, notwithstanding, underlies this somewhat rhetorical definition of atoms, and if it has the effect of conveying to the youthful mind the general impression of the conservation of force, which would take its place in a more strictly scientific treatise, we see no great objection to such language. Only we have a general fear of seeing what is hypothetical in science pass for an established fact in nature. It is convenient, in the sense in which the hypothesis of "ether" or that of the "electric fluid" is convenient, that "all substances, whether solid, liquid, or æriform, are supposed to consist of hard separate atoms or particles, and, in conformity with that supposition, to be surrounded by the ethereal medium, otherwise they could not transmit light and heat, which are merely vibrations of that medium." But we must beware of confounding mere analogies or metaphors with facts, as well as of taking what is a convenient aid to the imagination for a positive foothold in nature. From Mrs. Somerville's whole treatment of matter and material elements, it strikes us that she has not quite got so far as the strict modern view of "matter" as being but an expression for modes or manifestations of "force." It is when she has passed from the unsteady and shifting sands of abstract speculation to the firmer ground of experimental knowledge that the practical value of her labours becomes apparent. Her enumeration of the known primary or elementary substances, with their properties, is clear and complete. All metals she explains to be capable of being vaporized, falling short, however, as far as we see, of the bolder and more sweeping generalization, that all substances are alike reducible to the three ultimate states of solid, fluid, and vaporous. A simple, yet clear, account is given of the four elementary gases which form the basis of the whole system of organic life. The proportion of oxygen to the other constituents of vegetable and animal organisms, its combinations and their results, are well set forth. The experiments of Professor Tyndall on the absorption of radiant heat by gases are well brought to illustrate the law of "allotropism," in the instance of the change of oxygen into ozone, and its restoration through the agency of heat. Mr. Joule's remarkable investigations, resulting in the determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, are succinctly and ably explained; and the new subject of "dialysis" and "atmolysis," or the decomposition and diffusion of chemical compounds, with that of the corresponding analysis of gases, and the laws of "diffusion" in crystalline and colloid bodies, opened by Professor Graham, are shown in their bearing upon the chemistry of manufactures. An excellent summary will be found here of the processes to which we owe our wonderful variety of aniline dyes, and the utilization of so much of our reputed vegetable refuse. This section closes with a brief summary of the discovery and the uses of petroleum and its compounds. The remainder of the first part is occupied with the results of spectrum analysis, as applied to the photosphere of the sun, and to the spectra of gases and volatilized matter, together with the resulting theories on the inversion of coloured lines, the constitution of the sun and stars, the solar spots, and the constituents of nebulae and comets.

The second part, with which the first volume ends, treats of the application of the microscope to the study of vegetable organisms, and the interesting light thrown thereby upon the textures and intimate structure of organized bodies undeterminable by the naked eye. This branch of the subject is connected with that which immediately goes before by a few judicious remarks upon the functions of light and heat in relation to life in general. Ultimate analysis has shown vegetable forms to be chemical combinations of a very few simple substances, carbon and the three elementary gases forming the bases of all. Upon these inert elements the quickening energy of the solar ray exerts its mysterious but illimitable powers. The rudimentary principle of organic or cell-life which meets us at the nearest point of transition, indeterminate as that point itself must be, from inorganic to organic being, can hardly be better stated in terms of a popular kind than it is by Mrs. Somerville:—

The living medium which possesses the marvellous property of being roused into energy by the action of light and heat, and which either forms the whole or the greatest part of every plant, is in its simplest form a minute globe consisting of two colourless transparent concentric cells in the closest contact, yet differing essentially in character and properties. The external one, which is the strongest, is formed of one or more concentric globular layers of cellulose, a substance nearly allied to starch, being a chemical compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the proportions of 12, 10, and 10, respectively. It forms the universal framework or skeleton of the vegetable world, but it has no share whatever in the vital functions of vegetation. It only serves as a protection to the globular cell within it, which is called the primordial cell because it is first formed, and because it pre-eminently constitutes the living part, since the whole phenomena of growth and reproduction depend upon it. In its earliest stage the primordial cell is a globular mass of an azotized colourless organizable liquid, called protoplasm, the life blood of vegetation, containing albuminous matter and dextrine or starch-gum. It is sufficiently viscid to maintain its globular form, but its surface becomes slightly consolidated into a delicate soft film. The viscid albuminous liquid within it is mixed with highly coloured semi-transparent particles containing starch; besides cavities or vacuoles full of a watery vegetable sap of highly refractive power are imbedded in it. By degrees the coloured particles become more and more condensed within a globule of mucus, which constitutes the nucleus of the primordial cell. The watery sap in the cavities increases so much as ultimately to fill nearly the whole of the cell at the expense of the viscid protoplasm, which then merely

forms a lining to the cell either coloured or hyaline. The primordial cell then secretes and envelops itself with the strong protecting coats of cellulose already described. On account of its high colour, which is chiefly green, the whole contents of the primordial cell are called the endochrome. The minute globular nucleus contains a liquid of high refractive power, and is coated with a delicate film. Its structure, which is best seen in the hairs and young parts of plants, is not always the same, nor is it always in the centre of the primordial cell, being sometimes attached to the internal cell wall. On the minute but complicated organ, the primordial cell, vegetable life depends.

The ultimate structure of vegetable bodies is traced through each class in an ascending scale, from *algæ*, *fungi*, and the lichen tribes to the highest order of dicotyledonous or exogenous plants. The whole section forms an excellent repertory of information, both as to the general laws of vegetable growth and the endless varieties in which the study of botany shows them to be manifested. The reader has here the means of becoming acquainted, in a concise and intelligible form, with the substance of the last and most learned labours of our best botanic authorities. It is, however, to the second volume—in which the same method is carried on to the study of animal organisms—that the main interest of Mrs. Somerville's work will be generally held to attach. And it is in this that her talent for the clear and attractive exposition of scientific themes is conspicuously shown. To make intelligible to the youthful or untrained intellect the essential principles of physiology and biology, as evinced in the various phases of life, growth, and structure in animals, from the microscopic monad to man, is a task of no slight difficulty. Beyond the intellectual grasp of the subject itself, in all its wide ramifications, there are required that quick apprehension of the reader's wants, that sympathy, so to say, even with his defects of mind, and that lively power of arousing his natural inertness, which are not readily found in combination. We have not space to follow Mrs. Somerville through the details of her argument. But we can point to no work in which, within anything like a similar compass, the class of readers we have spoken of will find their exigencies better satisfied. We are not called upon to estimate its merits as a work of original or profound research. It makes no pretensions to discoveries or announcements of a startling or independent kind. It is as a summary of recognised truths, and a popular manual of subjects only in part accessible without long and technical discipline, that it invites the confidence of the public. The general accuracy of its facts, and the clearness of its style, aided, we would add, by the excellence of its illustrations, well fit it to fulfil that end, as well as to maintain, if not to enhance, the respect in which its author has so long been held.

BLACKLEY'S WORD GOSSIP.*

HERE is another of the endless little books about words which have arisen out of the various impulses which have been lately given to philological study. Perhaps no one of them absolutely satisfies our somewhat fastidious taste; but we have nothing to say against any of them so long as they are sound and accurate as far as they go. We suppose that each commands its own circle of readers, and, so long as each gives its readers something to learn and nothing to unlearn, it is plainly doing good in its own sphere. Of all his competitors the one with whom Mr. Blackley most directly provokes comparison is Archbishop Trench. Now we are not quite sure that, if we took and formally examined the *Primate of Ireland* and the *Rector of North Walsham*, we might not perhaps find the lowlier churchman the stronger man of the two. But there is all the difference in the world in point of form, and the difference is wholly in favour of the Archbishop. There is no one whose writings are more distinctly a pleasure to read than those of Archbishop Trench. We see in every page signs that the writer is, in point of mere strength, not quite up to the mark. But he seldom makes really bad blunders, and all that he says shows such signs of ingenious thought and curious reading, so much of elegance and refined taste, such a constant flow of good and kindly feeling, that we had much sooner read a book of Archbishop Trench's than a book by a much stronger man who has not the same gift of putting what he has to say into a winning shape. Now Mr. Blackley has emphatically not got this gift, though we have no doubt that he thinks that he has. Archbishop Trench knows how to be simple and familiar without ceasing to be graceful and dignified. Mr. Blackley unluckily fancies that, in order to interest people in his subject, he must attract them by being facetious. Very likely there are people who are attracted to "word-hunting" by chatter about fox-hunting and billiard-playing and luncheon-time and "the British dinner." For our own part we are simply repelled. A sharp hit or a sharp saying, when it comes naturally, is a good thing; but Mr. Blackley's attempts at sharp sayings are all made to order. He has made the great mistake of thinking that he is bound to be funny, and consequently, instead of fun, he gives us the dreariest of inappropriate rubbish. The essays appeared "in successive numbers of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*," whatever that may be; we do not know whether they had ever before that done duty as lectures of any kind. Mr. Blackley's liveliness is of that sort which is just endurable, but only just endurable, in a spoken address to a rather inferior audience, but which becomes altogether intolerable when it is set down in print. The readers of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* "accorded," as Mr. Blackley calls

* *Word Gossip: a Series of Familiar Essays on Words and their Peculiarities.* By the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

it—a man who has helped to make a German Dictionary should rather have said “gave”—“a kind reception to the matter of the following pages.” We hope that we may understand this as meaning that the readers of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* were discerning enough not to give an equally kind reception to their manner.

Mr. Blackley's laborious funniness is the more pain and grief to us because he once or twice shows that he really can understand a joke and tell a good story. Some of his childish remembrances are amusing enough, though sometimes they have not much bearing on philology. But we must allow some licence to one who has anything to tell us so rich as the following:—

I remember, as a boy, reading in a provincial paper that kissing was invented by the Mahometans, in order to ascertain, by the sense of smell, whether their wives had been committing the crime of drinking wine (though it struck my childish memory that kissing was mentioned in the book of Genesis ages before Mahomet was ever heard of).

We also like Mr. Blackley's own very early attempt at etymology:—

As a very little boy, walking with my father, the fact of a woman curtsying to him as she passed, set me on inquiring the derivation of the word *curtsey*. Knowing no better, I made myself an adverb *curtē*, shortly, from the Latin adjective *curtus*, referring the *sey* to Latin *sedere*, to sit; and was very satisfied with my conjecture, as explaining the gesture to be an abridgment of sitting, till my father upset it at once by pointing out the fact of the word *curtsey* being compressed from *courtesy*, and consequently referable to the root of *court*. The very consideration of the two derivations proved of interest, and tended to encourage the taste for such investigations.

The notion of an “abridgment of sitting” might also please Mr. Tylor, were it not that the gesture is really an abridgment, not of sitting, but of kneeling.

Mr. Blackley was, we think, less happy when he believed that “caravan” was “car of Anne,” and that Queen Anne used to go about in so unqueenly a kind of coach. But we thank him for another good story, telling how a man professed to have been robbed in a very unlikely place, and how

The villagers, in talking over the matter, nearly all used one special expression as to his conduct; it was this: “Very strange, Sir, that he shouldn't have made any sort of *noration*,” meaning any sort of outcry, in a place where he could not fail of being heard.

“A *noration*,” according to Mr. Blackley, comes from Herod's oration, in answer to which the people made a shout. Hence an “oration” and a “shout” have got confounded. “A *noration*” for “an oration” is the opposite process to that which has changed “nadder” into “adder,” but it is analogous to that which has given us “nuncle,” “Neil,” and “Ned,” though there the *n* comes, not from the article, but from the possessive pronoun.

We are not quite clear that we can follow Mr. Blackley when he says,

Chandler again is a word which, in its extended sense of general dealer, has been ridiculously increased by the prefixal of the letter *c*. The word originally is *händler*, equivalent to the German *händler*, dealer; but *chandler* (from the Latin *candela*, a candle, through the French *chandelier*, a candle maker), being found in the language, *händler* was confounded with it. Thus both words were injured, *händler* being misconstrued and almost lost, while *chandler* passed from a definite to a general term, and instead of expressing a single occupation, came to require an explanatory adjunct to fix its meaning. So we say a corn-chandler, or a tallow-chandler.

We cannot think, till some authority is quoted for the fact, that “*händler*” has anything to do with the matter. A chandler is one who makes or sells candles; according as they are of wax or of tallow, he is a wax-chandler or a tallow-chandler. But, when the connexion between the words “candle” and “chandler” came to be forgotten, the word “chandler” got to be applied to others besides the true chandlers, as if it meant one who made or sold anything. Have we not heard of an “ale-draper”? Yet the “draper” or “drapier” is essentially the man who makes or sells “draps” or cloths, just as his kinsman the “napper” or “napier” makes or sells “naps.”

Mr. Blackley is, we think, a little too fond of going to the High-Dutch. Thus he tells us—

The common expression, “to smell a rat,” in the sense of conceiving suspicion, gives a curious instance of restriction of sense. The German phrase *Unrath wittern*, to smell something objectionable (comp. to *bern bad odour*), is its origin. The privative German prefix *un* has passed into the English article *a*, and this and a perverted translation have supplied us with a phrase very familiar and very comprehensible, no doubt, but still more essentially figurative than its right form would be; for why we should speak of smelling a rat rather than a cat or a mouse, or a rabbit, in such a connexion, I am at a loss to conceive.

Mr. Blackley seems to forget that “*unrath*” must in English be “*unrede*”; and surely there is a very good reason for smelling a rat rather than any of the other beasts spoken of, simply because the rat has a much more marked smell.

Mr. Blackley has some good remarks on the use of the word “person,” but he unluckily spoils them by going on to say:—

Had it not been that the original sense of the word “person” had been entirely lost in the wide meaning now assigned to it, the ridiculous error of deriving the word *person* from it never could have occurred. A sort of ground for this idea certainly was afforded by Blackstone in his “*Commentaries*,” in which he referred the word *person* to *person*, implying that the *person* of a parish was in theory what he certainly is not necessarily in fact, the *person*, the individual of most importance in a parish. But Blackstone, though a good lawyer, was but an indifferent philologist, or he would have observed the necessary connexion between *person* and *parish*, specially illustrated by the existence of the word *parishioner*. The word *person* is, in fact, equal to *parishioner*, a compression of *parochianus*, which as a substantive means one belonging to a parish. We English have taken *parochianus*

in one sense, *parson*, for the minister belonging to a parish; the French have taken it in another, *paroissien*, the inhabitant belonging to a parish; and when our language needed to describe members of the parson's flock, the form equivalent to *paroissien* being already usurped in *parson*, it was obliged to form the word *parishioner*, as implying the relation of the ordinary resident to the appointed minister in a parish.

Now if Mr. Blackley had taken the trouble to read all that Du Cange has to say under *Persona* and *Personatus*, he would have seen that there is no “ridiculous error” at all, but that Blackstone is perfectly right. The “*parson*” is the “*persona ecclesie*”; but then only the rector, not the vicar or the defunct perpetual curate, has any right to be called the “*parson*.” “*Parson*” and “*parochianus*” have nothing whatever to do with one another. But the odd thing is that, at this point, Mr. Blackley leaves his philology to make a theological protest, which is too good to leave out:—

This point might seem hardly necessary to discuss were it not that personal experience has shown me the false importance which may be attached to, and the false conclusions deduced from, a misapprehended etymology. Thus, at the present time especially, when systematic efforts are being made to foster pernicious and unwarranted priestly notions, and when every flimsy rag of language as well as of millinery is invested with undue significance, in order to support assumptions which the common sense and the Christian instinct of Protestant England long since pronounced and will soon again, please God, pronounce to be intolerable,—at such a time it is of interest to those who would make the *parson* or clergyman a sacrificing priest instead of a commemorating minister, to assert, and insist upon the assertion, that the *parson's* name implies what they would have his nature to be; that he is, in his priestly capacity, the one chief, prominent, and principal member of the parish, the *person*, *par excellence*, within the limits of his cure. But happily, in this case the science of language refutes this argument and the conclusion attempted to be drawn from it, just as in the same way, the simplest study of the word *priest*, the meaning whereof some either studiously or stupidly pervert, will show it to contain in itself the idea of an *elder* only, quite apart from any shade of reference to sacrificial character.

Mr. Blackley, as Rector of North Waltham, has a right to talk not only of his “*personal*,” but, if he pleases, of his “*parsonal*” experience. But really all this is nothing to the point. It is not for us to determine whether an English clergyman be a “sacrificing priest,” or a “commemorating minister.” But two things are certain. Whatever the rector is, be he sacrificing priest or commemorating minister, the curate, if he be in priest's orders, is the same. But the curate, even the “free and open curate,” of whom Mr. Blackley speaks some pages afterwards, is not the “*persona ecclesie*” in the parish any the more for that.

We do not quite understand the following:—

Much the same thing may be said of the modern High German, which owes its final triumph over the Low to its having formed the vehicle for Luther's translation of the Bible; and yet there are many evidences in the literary activity of the last hundred years, of how fully capable many a German dialect, however generally despised, can be of giving beautiful and apt expression to fine and touching thought. The “*Beetle*” of the old Nuremberg tinman, Gröbel, the beautiful Alemannic poems of Hebel, Klaus Groth's admirable “*Quickborn*” in the Dittmarsch Plattdeutsch, Von Kobell's songs in the Tyrolese and Bavarian dialects, may show how thoroughly these varying forms of so-called vulgar speech can echo the heart-music of the poet born; while their fitness for prose writing can be easily illustrated by reference to the charming and original novels of Fritz Reuter in the Mecklenburgh dialect.

We suspect that Mr. Blackley, after all his German studies, is still in the same state of mind as a teacher of the High-Dutch tongue whom we once came across, who tried hard to persuade us that High-Dutch meant the high-polite speech, such as was spoken in high society, and that Low-Dutch was a very low sort of thing. To be sure our own Low-Dutch backs were a little put up at the thought. But here we have Mr. Blackley evidently thinking that any dialectic or provincial German, any sort of German that is not the classical speech of the grammar and dictionary, is necessarily Low-Dutch and not High. His idea of Low-Dutch takes in the language of the Nürnberg tinman, and the Tyrolese and Bavarian dialects, just as much as the tongue of Klaus Groth and Fritz Reuter. What does Mr. Blackley think that he talks himself?

Mr. Blackley then seems to us not to be a philologist, not even a Teutonic philologist. We have no doubt that he is a good German scholar, but he clearly does not understand the true relations between the different Teutonic languages and dialects. The best parts of his book are where he attempts least in the way of philology, but simply comments on the use and abuse of words. A great deal that is very good on these heads, on the changes in the meanings of words, on “slipshod English,” on new words, and other kindred matters, is scattered through Mr. Blackley's little volume. But we are amazed to hear him stand up for the horrible word “*reliable*.” The word is not only utterly incorrect in its formation, but it is utterly useless. Mr. Blackley seems also to have a hankering after Mr. Furnivall's absurd invention of “*dedicated*.” Now a new word is often wanted to express a new idea; but “*reliable*” simply attempts to express a very old idea which can be expressed much better in another way, and “*dedicated*” has no meaning at all. It is as foolish as an expression which Mr. Blackley quotes from the *Contemporary Review*, where some one talked of the “*Orbicular essayists*,” meaning the contributors to the works edited by Mr. Orby Shipley!

It is odd to find Mr. Blackley running after this sort of thing, as he elsewhere shows a good deal of keenness in tracing the different uses of words, and the way in which their meanings get misunderstood and misapplied. His criticisms on these points, and also on the construction of sentences, are often very much to the point. In fact Mr. Blackley seems to have a very fair idea of what good English is, only he has got hold of the unlucky idea

that nobody will listen to him unless he talks funny English. If he can get rid of this mistake, and can also strengthen himself a little in the purely philological department, he may yet do some good service.

KRILOF AND HIS FABLES.*

ACCORDING to Sir John Malcolm's theory that despotisms are favourable to the growth of fable literature, because under them truth, to be useful, must wear a veil, it is but natural to expect a fair crop of this class of writings in Russia. Nor will such expectation be disappointed, as will be proved not only by the existence, anterior to Krilof, of less entirely original fabulists, such as Dmitrief and others, but also by the posthumous popularity of the writer whose fables are now first made accessible to English readers, and by the wonderful sale (40,000 copies) which they met with in his native country in the decade of years immediately preceding his death. From a pretty copious induction we may pronounce that, to literary readers, the secret of this popularity has lain in the remarkable freshness and originality of his matter, and, to the unlearned, in the clear and lively manner in which home truths are cast into the form of apologues, recalling with marvellous faithfulness the patent characteristics of the varied scenes wherewith their author was familiar. Of all walks of literature, fable has been apt to be most "groovy," the fear of treason to Æsopian tradition inducing perhaps something like servility of treatment. But that Krilof was too much a child of genius to go in a groove we had been already prepared to find, from Mr. Sutherland Edwards's specimens of him in his *Russians at Home*, as well as from a few spirited paraphrases of his poetry lent to us in manuscript by a sometime resident in Russia. Yet these latter samples, cleverly done into verse, and accommodated to English ears and tastes with remarkable versatility, perhaps from the very fact that they were paraphrases, scarcely prepared us for the simple, graceful quaintness of Krilof's fable. Nor have the French translations, collected and edited by Count Gregory Orloff in 1824, set this fabulist in his true colours before that portion of the European readers which is non-Russian; for they are disappointing and unfaithful, and apparently so little known that M. St. Marc Girardin, in his *La Fontaine et les Fabulistes*, published in 1867, makes no mention of them. Krilof is at last fortunate in a translator who does him justice, and that in a language undecaying and ever widening its limits. To avail ourselves of a metaphor from Mr. Ralston's preface, his prose-rendering of Krilof's fables has every token of a "photographer's fidelity," though it avoids with singular skill what he deprecates as the ungainliness of a "photographic portrait." Conversant with Russian life and Russian literature, he has been able to secure for his volume the most competent revision; and a natural ease of style, united with enthusiasm for his subject, has fitted him to a nicety for the task he has undertaken. Whereas, in much of translation, and in much also of original prose or poetry, one has to read and re-read to get at the gist of a sentence or passage, the pith and point of these fables is visible at the moment of first perusal—a result due no doubt in large measure to the lucidity of the original, but one which we should have looked for in vain from a bungling translator. From the well-written and entertaining biographical sketch prefixed to the translation before us, we seem to glean a hundred indications of the genius of Krilof. His luck, his disregard of appearances and conventionalities, his manifold eccentricities, connect him at once with the order of "originals." Had Horace, like Krilof, escaped massacre in infancy by being hidden behind a piece of earthenware at a post-house, he would have claimed it as the proof of his tutelage by some Faunus or Apollo. The story of his resorting to a belfry to escape gnats and flies, and falling asleep amidst the bells, might be paralleled by incidents in the lives of other and earlier children of genius. His housekeeper's use, for heating the stove, of the Greek books which, like Cicero, he began to read when he was comparatively old, and of his fables, to wrap candles in, reminds one of the dangers from fire which threatened the famous manuscripts of Sir Isaac Newton. His habit of stuffing towels and dinner napkins into his pocket in mistake for his pocket-handkerchief bespeaks him of the same stamp as our Porsons, and his appearance at Court in a new coat of which the buttons were still enveloped in the silver paper wherein the tailor had wrapt them (a striking contrast to an every-day carelessness of attire rivalling that of Dominie Sampson) is an anecdote that enrols him at once among *savans*. The real secret, however, of his fame is to be traced to his keen observation of life, wheresoever he moved. Amid the common or "black people," in his early days, his ears were on the look-out for their talk, and his eyes for their habits and manners. It was the same when he came to mix in literary and Court circles; the same when he was dining at the "English Club," or gazing down from his windows in the Public Library upon the busy scenes in the principal bazaar of St. Petersburg. One token of this keenness of observation may be quoted from among his proverbial expressions. In his fable, "The Peasant and the Robber," the phrase "as bare as a lime tree" is obscure to the English ear; nay, might not even strike "ears polite" with all its force in the circles of the Russian capital. But, as Mr. Ralston notes, the peasants in Russia use the bark of the lime to make shoes and baskets; and, if we refer to Prideaux Selby's "Forest Trees" (p. 8), we shall find that bass-mats, nets, and

even a coarse woven cloth for peasants' wear, are manufactured in Russia of its inner bark.

But we must not dwell on the pleasant and appreciative prefatory memoir, but proceed to an estimate of Krilof's value as a fabulist, a value which his wonderful originality enhances not a little. It is curious how few of the fables given in Mr. Ralston's volume (containing about half of the fabulist's entire collection) have even a remote resemblance to the fables of other times and climes. The Spanish Yriarte is perhaps as original in matter, but then his matter is limited to a narrower range, and deals not with life in all its aspects, but only so far as concerns literature and literary pursuits. That Krilof was at home in this vein, too, is seen, among other instances, in his "Ass and Nightingale," wherein the critical Ass, after hearing Philomel's brilliant performances, suggests the advantages she would derive were she to take a few lessons "from our Cock." This fable, by the way, though upon the same subject as one of Diderot's, is not obnoxious to the suspicion of plagiarism. One or two other fables bear a superficial likeness to his predecessors. In that of "the Ass," with a bell tied round its neck, one notes the typical vanity and maladroit ways of donkeyhood, and thinks of the same animal in the "Ass and Lapdog" of Babrius (part 1, 125). A closer inspection will satisfy us that the resemblance between these is no greater than between these and "The Ass and the Peasant." It consists, in fact, in the Russian fabulist's having accepted those features of the genus "ass" which he found given in the Æsopian fable. The fable of the "Two Dogs" is traceable, perhaps, through the Two Cats of Ismailof, to the French of Florian; and in Krilof's "Squirrel in Service" there is a resemblance to Florian's "Squirrel and Lion" little more than nominal. The Russian author's finishing touch about the long-deferred remuneration of faithful services—the load of nuts not paid up until poor Squirrel had lost the teeth to enjoy them with—is so true to life and nature that it deserves praise far higher than aught we know of Florian's invention. The background of the "Education of the Lion" may, we fancy, have been suggested by the Oriental fable of Saadi on the "Education of a Prince"; but the figures in the foreground are of Krilof's own creation, and his life and works concur in bespeaking him one of the original geniuses of these later days.

One might classify his fables according to the old division into "rational," "emblematical," and "mixed." They might fall as easily as other fables into the appropriate pigeon-holes, under the given labels. But it is more interesting to regard them as they point a political, moral, or social lesson, hit a blot in the justice or wisdom of the powers that be, pass a good-humoured censure on meanness in personal character, or plead the cause of the weak and unfriended, not less cogently because covertly. Many of the political fables acquire special interest as bearing upon Napoleon's Russian campaign, which was the exciting topic of the time when Krilof wrote them. Thus the moral of "The Wolf in the Kennel" is, "No terms" with the grey-coated Napoleon, and was so understood by Kutuzof and his officers after the battle of Krasnoe. The "Pike and the Cat," an illustration of "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," was written, as Mr. Ralston points out, with a reference to Admiral Tchichakof's misadventures as a military commander at the Beresina. The "Bear among the Bees" is a pungent skit at the inoperative punishment of speculation, which consists in the Russian practice of banishing the speculators to their country estates! The "Canine Friendship," in which "Pylades and Orestes" forget their vows of amity and devotion the instant "the cook tosses a bone out of the kitchen," is stated—and the date of its publication supports the statement—to have been suggested by the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna. Another fable of this class, that of the "Leaves and the Roots," we regard as one of the gems of the collection. Like the rest, it has a general purpose, and a special also—the latter, in this case, the emancipation of the serfs; the former, the interdependence of wealth and labour, high and low, rich and poor. But its beauty and home truthfulness are very penetrative. We pass by the vainglorious self-laudation of the "leaves," which lip their indignation at a feeble voice that interrupts it, and demand to know whence that voice proceeds. "We are they," was the reply of the roots from below, "who, burrowing in the darkness here, provide you with nourishment. Is it possible that you do not recognise us? We are the roots of the tree on which you flourish. Go on rejoicing in your beauty; only remember that this is the difference between us—that with the new spring a new foliage is born; but if the roots perish, neither you nor the tree can survive."

The class of social fables is fully represented by such apologues as "Demian's Fish Soup," an amusing lesson to authors who bore "good listeners" with the recitation of their own productions; "The Geese" that piqued themselves on being the descendants of the saviours of the Capitol—a fable which seems intended to furnish a text for such as advocate hereditary peerages; the "Cuckoo and the Cock," and the "Elephant and the Pugdog," a clue to the reason why the cur barks at nobler animals. The "Squirrel and the Thrush" is a capital fable to illustrate the *sedula inertia* of busy-bodies in society; and the "Cannon and Sails" is a (to us) novel commonplace on the due balance of strength and wisdom, military and civil power. But Krilof is never more at home than when he takes up his parable to depict man's natural selfishness, and to quiz him goodhumouredly (for he is never bitter or out of temper) for his every-day weaknesses. There are two or three excellent fables, for example, like "The Peasant in Trouble," who, when he is robbed of everything, has to endure,

* *Krilof and his Fables*. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.

over and above, a trio of Job's comforters, two of whom lecture him, and the third offers him—now his treasure is gone—a mastiff puppy, which he would otherwise drown. Two kindred fables are "The Wolf and the Fox," in which the fox offers *hay* to the wolf, which is famished for want of *meat*, and "The Peasant and the Robber," in which, at the ruined peasant's prayer, the robber hands back the *milk pail* but keeps the *cow*. Those who follow the advice of the Spanish proverb, "If they ask you for cabbages, my father has a field of peas," are mostly actuated by the selfish principle of offering what they will not miss. It is excellent fun to hear the "cuckoo" deploring to the "turtle-dove" her utter dearth of filial affection, owing, as her gossip draws out of her by degrees, to her neglect of maternal duties, and her laying her eggs in the nests of other birds. The hint to parents how to earn their children's love and duty is sufficiently obvious; but the way of putting it is so neat as to require no epimyth. To the misogynist, if such a being really exists, there will be "nuts to crack" in the fable of the Triganist, whose punishment, to be decided upon by judges who were to forfeit their lives if they failed in severity, was "that he should live with all his three wives at once!" One of the prettiest fables—and one, too, that has a higher moral tone than most—is that of the "Comb"; and hard by it in the volume is another, "The Hind and the Dervish," which inculcates the Christian duty of doing good, hoping nothing again. Very many of these fables are too long to be quotable; but this fact is as much in the interest of readers as of the author. The former cannot gather wisdom in a more pleasant form, or find amusement better mingled with instruction, than in the perusal of these fables, in which we counsel him to invest at once. Amongst those of quotable dimensions we had marked "Trishka's Calf," a hit at the shifts of embarrassed landlords, and "The Pig," a lesson to unkindly critics. We give the latter:—

A pig once made its way into the courtyard of a lordly mansion, scattered at its will around the stables and the kitchen, wallowed in filth, bathed in slops, and then returned home from its visit a thorough pig. "Well, Kavronya, what have you seen?" said the swineherd to the pig; "they do say there is nothing but pearls and diamonds in rich people's houses, and that each thing is richer than the rest." "I assure you they talk nonsense," grunted Kavronya. "I saw no riches at all—nothing but dirt and offal—and yet you may suppose I didn't spare my snout, for I dug up the whole of the backyard."

It is unnecessary to quote the moral addressed to those who, "in whatever they have to discuss, can only see that which is bad"; because, barring a misprint or two, there is little in these fables upon which literary Kavronyas can exercise their snouts. The translator has found a house full of "pearls and diamonds," and, with the help of the publisher and illustrator, has displayed his treasures in a pretty and tasteful setting.

PIERRE DE LANGTOFT.*

ALL that is known of Peter of Langtoft may be summed up in a very few words. It is probable that the writer of this metrical chronicle was a Canon of Bridlington in Yorkshire, and his work itself fixes his date in the opening of the reign of Edward II. The Chronicle consists of an abridgment of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Britons, a condensed account of our earlier kings to the death of Henry III., and a fuller detail of the reign of his greater successor, Edward I. As a literary effort it represents the transition by which the older rhymers of the school of Benoit and Wace passed into the picturesque chroniclers of the school of Froissart. Side by side with the graver annals of the monastic Scriptorium went on these chivalrous accommodations of history to the tastes of knight and baron, the long rhyme which took its turn with the ballad of the minnesinger or the lay of the trouvère. It is ridiculous to regard such works as directly historic—to rely on Wace for the history of the Conquest, or on Froissart for the story of the wars with France. But, as constituting in themselves a part of the history of their time, they are invaluable. They reflect for us vividly and picturesquely the whole temper of what were in fact the ruling classes of their day; they let us look on events as they occur through the spectacles of the men who wrought them; and the very contrast between their conceptions of the time and our own is in itself the first and most prominent fact which we have to grasp before undertaking any historic investigation at all. The contrast, too, etches itself out for us in the most graceful and amusing way. To read a chronicle like Langtoft's, for instance, is really to stand by the dais and to catch all the chatting and jesting of the baronial hall. The English Justinian, as people like pompously to call him in our day, is *od de lunge jambes*, mere "Longshanks," to the babblers of his own. There is all the conversational undercurrent of humour which gives such a piquancy to the pages of Froissart; "he has lost his head," is the laughing comment on the fall of the last Prince of Wales, "he has no need of a hat." The chronicler is essentially a story-teller, and his story falls naturally into Herodotean form; but the drama is never left to itself, the story-teller is always present in his own quaint personality, breaking its current with gay little comments, with flicker of hate and contempt, of love and pity, and now and then, as he remembers his priesthood, with decorous little sermons or moral episodes on the virtues of King Arthur, and the gentleness of the Table Round.

* The Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft, in French Verse, to the Death of King Edward I. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. Rolls Series. London: Longmans, 1863.

All the grace, the high sentiment, the real ruffianly selfishness and hardness of heart which we sum up in the word "chivalry" find themselves reflected in this pleasant babbling verse. The trader, the peasant, the people at large, are but the "rout of rascaille." Langtoft's jests on the massacre of the burghers of Berwick equal the calm indifference of Froissart to the yet more atrocious massacre of Limoges. England, in fact—mere peaceful, industrious England—occupies very little of the chronicler's space. Peace is a vulgar prosaic thing to this clerk of knighthood, who sees nothing in the world but war and tournaments and revolts. To us nothing seems more uninteresting than the Gascon wars of King Edward. But Langtoft's heart is in Gascony, in the raids and ravages of the fair realm of France. The struggles of Scotch and Welsh for freedom, which fascinate the modern reader, are to him mere plebeian interruptions in the great game of politics, unknighly nuisances turning the world of chivalry upside down.

May Wales be accursed of God and S. Simon,
For it has always been full of treason;
May Scotland be cursed by the mother of God,
And may Wales be sunk deep to the devil—

are curses easily intelligible when the poet explains that the revolt of the one caused the loss of Toulouse, and the defection of the other prevented the recovery of Aquitaine. Patriotism, freedom, devotion to one's country against a foreign King, are strange notions to this gay rhymist. While we shudder at the cruelties of Edward, Langtoft sings pleasantly of the Scotch barons:—

May our King Edward be struck with madness
If he does not take them and hold them so close in cage
That nothing remains to them after his taxing
Save their shoes and their bare buttocks.

We can hardly wonder that in Yorkshire halls Wallace was a "mestre de larrouns," and Bruce "le fol," "le fol rey Robyn"; or that the baronial theory of the Scotch war was the simple one that if King Edward,

Of the land of Scotland, had shared and given
To his English barons, by just quantities,
The land over there would have been in his power,
And his men heirs of it for ever.

The greed of these chivalrous barons rings through every page. Historians who accept the "constitutional" theory of the reign of Edward are fond of telling of the two great Earls whose refusal to accompany the King over sea brought about the final ratification of the great Charter. It is amusing to compare with all this fine writing the baronial impression of the matter:—

Listen to the fault where all the sin lay—
In ancient histories we find written
What kings and what kingdoms Arthur conquered,
And how he shared largely his gain.
There was not a king under him who contradicted him,
Earl, duke, or baron who ever failed him,
In war and battle, but each followed him.
The King, Sir Edward, has given too little;
Whereby at his departure, when he put to sea
Against the King of France, the affront was shewn him
That not one of the Earls undertook the expedition.

Single as these extracts are, they enable us to understand the reign of Edward better than a thousand "Constitutional Histories." A quiet bonfire, in fact, of "Constitutional Histories" is the first requisite for any adequate representation of the England of the Edwards. So long as a word like "Parliament" is used, in defiance of obvious facts, as a constant quantity, as an institution popular and democratic in the fifteenth century, because it is (or is not) popular and democratic in the nineteenth, the whole matter must remain a riddle. So long as men regard the great Charter as directly a victory of "English liberty," and not (in its direct effects) as the mere substitution of an oligarchy of blood and wealth for the rule of the Crown, we must be prepared to hear the age of Edward I. greeted as the opening of all that is really popular in our annals. It was, in fact, the lowest deep into which the popular elements of our Constitution were ever plunged. The famous phrase in which Hume paints "the last of the great barons that overawed the Crown" is the picture of an age rather than of a man—the age that stretches from the accession of Edward I. to the fall of the House of Lancaster. After Evesham, a triple oligarchy overawes at once Crown and people—the oligarchy of the Church, the Baronage, the Burgher. Under the three Edwards they advance more and more in power, stripping the Crown, humbling the people, knit together in the one peculiarly English bond, not of blood or race, but of property. The protest of the Lollard, at once democratic, social, religious, is a triple protest against dogma, property, and aristocracy; and the revolt of the people is caught at by the Crown. The struggle occupies the close of the third Edward's reign, the whole of Richard's; the fall of the last is the victory of the oligarchy, knit together into forgetfulness of their own intestine divisions by the common peril. The sovereigns of the House of Lancaster are mere "doges" of the priesthood, the nobles, the burgher class; burning their heretics, guarding their guilds, waging their wars. The baronage falls, broken by its own inherent rottenness, in the wars of the Roses; the Church falls before the Revival of Letters; it is only the Reformation that lifts up the people from beneath the feet of the *bourgeoisie*.

Of the three great bodies in whose hands the realm thus rested for more than two centuries, the first, in the days of Langtoft, was unquestionably the Baronage. The day was theirs. They had crushed the Crown in the Barons' war, they had set aside all hope

of deeper change by their desertion and murder of De Montfort at Eresham. From that hour England was ruled by a purely aristocratic rule. The Government was really in the hands of the "Continual Council," in other words, of the great barons and baronial prelates acting as officers of State, and forming a permanent committee of administration, which was backed up when needful by the "Great Council," the *levée en masse* of the noblesse. The quiet government of the country by this Council during the two years of Royal absence before the coronation of Edward shows where power really lay. In the brief they publish, the crown devolves on the King "by the will of the Peers." The boasted legislation of Edward is but the legal recognition and consecration of this oligarchical advance. By forbidding alienation and transfer, the second Statute of Westminster in effect transfers the real ownership of land from the tenant to the lord; while by this, as well as the Statute of Merton, the most oppressive of all "rights of property," the right of enclosure, is for the first time asserted against their tenants. But it is not necessary to seek signs of their real supremacy in the dusty details of legislation. The famous defiance of the two Earls, their "By God, Sir King, we will neither go nor hang," proved to Edward himself, even at his highest, who was the real ruler of the realm. The King "caves in," as the Yankees say, and flings himself with tears on the pity of his masters, while a proclamation of the Barons cancels the royal tax. Edward's struggles only confirm the victory of the Lords. The bitterness and cruelty of his old age are the writhings of a beaten, shackled man. He knows their power, warns his son of it, bids him not recall Gaveston without the sanction of their Parliament, and dies. He had begun by copying French policy, by legal attacks on his noblesse, writs of *quo warranto*, and the like. But the Barons soon crushed the lawyers. The general upset of the Judicial Bench in 1290 was forced on by the Parliament. Edward had copied the French King a second time in his feudal claims over Scotland. But the Barons take the Scotch war out of his hands, force him into a pledge to divide conquered Scotland among them, and "will not permit the King, even if he wished it" (so they wrote to Pope Boniface), "to give up his claim." They killed the lawyers, but the lawyers hit them a hard blow in dying. They made justice crueler, more impartial. The execution of David, a noble as well as a rebel, marks a new judicial era. The Scotch hangings and quarterings at the close of Edward's life really strike at the root of aristocratic privilege—an Earl disembowelled was a new and hopeful thing in England. They killed Wallace, but he hit them a yet harder blow. His real significance is as a protest against the aristocratic system, a protest whose sting lay in the fact that with a "roust of rascaille" he had beaten them at their own chosen game of war. It is his "low rank" that they reproach him with at the scaffold. It is they, not Edward, who drag him there. Able as he is, the King plays little real part in the events of his reign. He is busy, stirring, everywhere, and yet practically whirled along like a straw upon the stream. It is only with half a heart, indeed, that he struggles against it. There is much in his own tastes and temper that flings him into the general current of his age. At bottom he is thoroughly the first baron of his realm. His conceptions are feudal rather than kingly, his pleasure is the tournament, his serious thoughts run on the formalities of homage and vassalage. There are gleams of a noble nature in him as in his age; and, as in his age, all is sullied by a want of sympathy with man. The massacre of Berwick, as we have said, is an anticipation of the massacre of Limoges. It is the pretentious, glittering falsehood, the foul cruelty of chivalry which dawns in the vow of the Swans as the old man passes away.

THE ROYAL ENGINEER.*

VERSATILE as is the corps to which the work before us is intended to do justice, we doubt if it did not lose its most versatile member when Sir Francis Head left it more than forty years ago. No man now in it would probably be able to accomplish the feat which this veteran of literature performed in "four days of eight hours each, and three hours of the fifth"—namely, of carrying away sufficient notes of a great public establishment to form, with the aid of the chance material lying scattered in the author's brain, a readable octavo of 370 pages. This haste Sir Francis justifies by a note in which he informs his readers that it took him "exactly four days (including travelling over the whole North-Western line) to make notes sufficient for" his *Stokers and Pokers*. These are the days of rapid writing, however; and if the consequences have to be borne in a good many slips and misses, patent to the few who have a particular knowledge of the subjects written of, at least the many are gratified by information which would never reach them were it not thus sketched. How many, for instance, would sit down to peruse a thoroughly scientific history of the past and present doings of the corps of Engineers? Here, on the contrary, we have a mass of information about them, not always accurate possibly, not laid out upon any certain plan, yet readable and pleasant throughout, and withal not uninteresting, though it be as gossip and erratic as anything that ever flowed from the fertile pen which *Bubbles from the Brunnens*, and *Rough Notes of Journeys across the Pampus*, first made dear to an essay-loving public. When we add that the task which the ex-engineer thus achieved was undertaken at the age of seventy-seven, when

men are generally content to rest on well-earned fame, we have said enough by way of introducing a work which to its author was evidently a labour of love.

Fifty-three years ago a young lieutenant of engineers was sent from the British lines in Belgium, to make a military survey of the ground in front of the Prussian posts at Charleroi. The morning of the 15th June found him quietly carrying on his duty without in the least imagining that some dropping sounds of musketry which he heard in the distance betokened the opening of the most important and decisive campaign the world ever saw. The Prussians were but practising, he thought. Nor was it until he observed great confusion in and about the not very distant town whither he was returning to breakfast, that he began to believe that what he had heard meant war in earnest. Once arrived in Charleroi, survey and breakfast had to be abandoned, and a horse to be got which should carry him away with the already retiring Prussian staff; for the French tirailleurs were already upon the Sambre, and but for the blundering of the Imperial staff, Vandamme's corps ought to have been in the town before Zieten's troops were out of it. The young English engineer was Lieutenant Head, and it may well be supposed that in the excitement of the hour he ceased to think of his own army, and was too thankful when allowed to remain and take his chance of glory with the Prussians, on whom the brunt of the first French onset was about to fall. Sir Francis bears testimony to the high discipline and spirits of Zieten's corps, to which he thus chanced to become attached, and in company with which he shared the dangers of the day of Ligny which followed. "In consequence," he tells us, "of my horse being killed at Fleurus [Ligny], my being cut off from General Zieten, and, while on foot, in two instances mistaken by wounded Prussian soldiers for a Frenchman, I was obliged to repair to the British army." Here he arrived on the day of Waterloo, thus serving throughout the chief scenes of the campaign in a way which was the fortune of no other British officer. As this episode of Sir Francis Head's life may seem a little irrelevant at first to his description of the work and prospects of the corps of which he once formed a unit, it is fair to add that it is introduced here with a special purpose—the purpose being to show what a blundering, bloody, unscientific mode of war that was on which the battles of Ligny and Waterloo were fought, and how great were the opportunities there lost by Prussians and English of making use of that defensive science of which the Engineer corps is the sole representative in our army. This account of the great deeds of 1815 might indeed, with propriety, have introduced the subject of the work; but the good old author adheres to no special method, and has dotted down his thoughts just as they have struck him, or as they lay in his notebook; and we must take them as we find them.

The first part of the book, that on the enlistment and education of a Woolwich cadet, contains little that is not well known, and nothing really novel. Indeed, here Sir Francis has made use of rather more padding—in the shape of Admission Regulations, Reports of Examination, and Lists of Professors—than is exactly fair towards such painstaking readers as are for going regularly through the volume from page to page. Over these, with a digression by way of lament for the better days when the black hole was not thought too degrading a punishment for young gentlemen soldiers, we pass to reach the second part, the real pith of the matter.

Most people have a vague notion that the Royal Engineers have special opportunities for instruction after getting their commissions. It was left to Sir Francis Head to show clearly—as he has done from statistics, and personal correspondence with our great public schools—that the average age of the twelve eldest boys at each of the latter is just two years and eight months less than that of the eldest Woolwich cadets, which is 20½ years. Hence he not unfairly assumes that the Woolwich course furnishes a parallel, for those who go through it, with the University education which awaits a great part of their school comrades; and that, consequently, the two years to be passed at Chatham represent a third and separate education imparted to our young Royal Engineers, before they are considered qualified for the general service of their corps.

What is, then, this Chatham education, which is supposed to fit the *élite* of the Woolwich stock for the most scientific military branch? It is divided, we learn, into six distinct courses, for which twenty-one months altogether are allowed—namely, for drill and military duties proper, 3½ months; surveying course, 6; fieldworks and military bridges, 4; architectural course, 6; chemistry, ½; telegraphy and submarine mining, 1. Adding a moderate amount of time spent on leave or the sick list, and we find two years to be passed at the establishment. Through each of the schools of the courses the writer now carries us with an easy pen, describing his own impressions, and filling up his pages with interesting details of the astonishing progress made by some of the non-commissioned officers and men of the sappers, who enjoy—at least selected individuals evidently do—the same advantages in the way of instruction as their officers. Thus, in the surveying (men's) school, he says:—

Among those plans which were completed, I noted down as particularly well executed, "A diagram of a triangulation with a table of scales of five feet to a mile, in feet, yards, French feet, toises, metres, furlongs, chains, signed by William Cargill, Bugler, R.E." "How old are you, Cargill?" I asked. "Seventeen years and nine months, sir," he replied. The Sergeant-Instructor, Ingram, told me that this young sapper was a good mathematician, working conic sections. I found next, "A plan of Trinity Church parsonage and school," beautifully executed by Sapper Gilchrist, aged twenty-three years and nine months.

* *The Royal Engineer*. By the Right Hon. Sir F. B. Head, Bart. London: John Murray.

The reader who follows the description of these schools, with their branches for teaching photography, well-sinking, night-and-day signalling by hand, printing, and every other detail which can be required for the purpose of perfecting the mechanical parts of field operations, will not be at a loss to know one cause of the success of our Abyssinian expedition. Sappers photographed the requisite copies of the sketches made by or for the staff, sappers drew water through Norton's tubes, sappers laid the field telegraph which carried Napier's orders, sappers managed the signalling when there was any doubt as to free passage for the army over the line which the advance explored. Sappers, let us add, it is here shown, were not behindhand in the fighting of the Good Friday which was so fatal to Theodore's prestige, nor in the entry of Magdala itself. And these men, with their officers, drew their inspiration and knowledge direct from the great school with which Sir Francis has undertaken to familiarize the public.

It is time now to speak of the two collateral subjects which the writer treats at considerable length, and which only require thorough notice to procure justice to his clients. The first, and that which is evidently most upon his mind, is the importance of the Engineer Train, the mounted portion of the corps. Great part of this was collected at Chatham at the time of his visit; and he undertakes, *con amore*, a thorough exposition of its value. It consists at present of but two troops, each in number nearly equal to a battery of horse artillery. The one conveys the complete pontoon equipment for a small *corps d'armée*; the other the necessary stores for its artificers, with a moderate—a much too moderate—supply of picks and shovels for intrenching. Each troop is divided into three complete sections, with a view of suddenly trebling its capacities by a ready enlargement in time of war. This Engineer Train appears (we know the fact chiefly by Sir Francis Head's book) to have been the mark of sundry petty economists of the good old penny-wise school. Yet there is but one great fault to be found with its present organization—namely, its total inadequacy to the real demands of service. We read, in one place, a great complaint that at none of the grand parades at Aldershot has there been any attempt to use the intrenching tools carried by the Train. Of what possible use would it be to attempt to gain cover for a large division with 600 picks and shovels? The plain fact is that the question of practising "spade drill" in some sort can no longer be shirked by the authorities. If they will ignore the use of it by the Line troops placed next door to our Engineers at Chatham (as we learnt last autumn from comments in the journals on the omission) it can hardly be hoped that "marching past" and "echelon formations" can be thrust aside for real business at Aldershot. Yet to this we must come if we are in any way to follow the lead the Continental armies are giving us, or prepare for that sort of defensive warfare by which alone England could be secured in case of invasion. Sir F. Head has the name of being somewhat of a national alarmist; but in most of what he says on this head he is within the strict truth. Every preparation should be made in this direction by us beyond all other great nations, for two plain reasons. In the first place, we intend for the future to take a defensive part only in great European contests; in the next, we propose to do so by means of those kinds of irregular levies which can only be made a match for regular soldiers by giving them, at least at first, the security of shelter.

On the second of Sir Francis's two complaints we must be briefer, although it is in truth the more important. It refers to the generally inferior position assigned to engineers by our existing military system, and especially the attempt to substitute for them, before the public, the agency of the Quartermaster-General's department. On this head we may be very plain, since every one not interested in the maintenance of things as they are is perfectly aware that a large part of the duties assigned in theory by the Queen's Regulations to the Quartermaster-General and his assistants, are in practice performed for them by the Engineers, the former serving merely as go-betweens, conveying the commander's orders, and reporting on their execution. So monstrous a system as this is particularly unlikely to endure under a Government whose motto is economy. As Sir F. Head truly, but not too severely, observes:—

In time of peace, the Quartermaster-General's department, from sheer want of practice, gains little or no experience, and thus on the sudden breaking out of a war an inevitable catastrophe occurs. Whereas if these duties were put upon the Engineers, the corps, by its never-ceasing practice, at an instant's warning would be competent not only to supply the particular description of officers qualified, such, for instance, as good riders [query riding sketchers?], expert water-borers, experienced road and bridge makers, surveyors, draughtsmen, signallers, &c., but to despatch them, accompanied by well-organized field-trains, telegraph men, and sappers, especially selected for the services required.

But, in truth, the question of a thorough reorganization of our Staff must soon come up for discussion, and the preposterous notion of maintaining two separate branches of it, one of which is kept up to play at engineering and eke out its own poor resources by borrowing the services of the professionally trained scientific soldier, will be abandoned as soon as it is looked into fairly. One good set of staff officers, under a Chief of Staff, or Adjutant-General, with a division of the duties of the present Quartermaster-General between them and the Engineer corps, is a reform that cannot be far off in the present progress of military knowledge among the governing classes and in the public press.

We have not space to follow Sir Francis through his projects for the defence of England, or his elaborate proofs that the Engineers can win steeple-chases at Aldershot, can command armies, as in China and Abyssinia, are in short as good general

soldiers every whit as their comrades. We don't think they are quite as hardly treated as he would make out. The very fact that Gordon was selected for the one command he refers to, and Napier for the other, seems to prove the contrary. If they have not yet taken their proper military position, common sense and the judgment of their countrymen will soon give it them when the case is known; and to the knowledge of it the book of the veteran essayist is a most agreeable introduction, one which deserves the thanks of the country at large, as well as of the gallant corps in whose interest it is avowedly written.

THE SUMTER AND ALABAMA.*

WE have just now unpleasantly good reasons for remembering the celebrated cruises of the *Alabama*. Rightly or wrongly, it is not to be denied that most Englishmen sympathized with the daring of the little ship of war, or pirate, as friends or foes might please to call it, which so long succeeded in braving one of the strongest naval Powers in the world. We are now prepared to listen in colder blood to the story of a warfare which has left behind it so uncomfortable a legacy of delicate negotiations. Of the merits of the various international questions involved, this is not the place to speak. We shall regard Admiral Semmes's narrative purely as a work of art, and in this case at any rate act in the spirit of the strictest neutrality. His book, as we shall see, might form a text for much wider discussions; but for the present we address ourselves merely to readers who may expect entertainment from following on paper the career of the adventurous rover.

The first and most significant remark to be made is that the book consists of 833 closely printed octavo pages, with a great deal of matter in small type. A very few pages of this include the two most exciting incidents in which Admiral Semmes took part—the actions with the *Hatteras* and the *Kearsage*. A good deal of the remainder is devoted to a narrative which the best writing in the world could hardly rescue from monotony. We are told how the *Alabama* came up with some Yankee clipper after a longer or shorter chase, or perhaps how a ship blundered straight into his clutches, being deceived by a display of false colours. The ship was burnt, after Admiral Semmes had transferred to the *Alabama* such of its stores as he thought desirable, and the Admiral then sailed in search of fresh adventure. This was, of course, the only kind of naval warfare which was possible under the circumstances. Admiral Semmes certainly showed no want of courage in systematically running away from men-of-war and burning unfortunate merchantmen; but to read a long series of such adventures is as dull as we should fancy the pursuit of them must have been to the gallant Admiral himself. It is almost impossible to divest oneself of a certain sympathy for these splendid ships, on whose beauties Admiral Semmes occasionally dilates with a sailorlike enthusiasm, snapped up one after the other, and remorselessly burnt at sea. On the occasion of taking his first prize, he rather naively remarks that the stars and stripes were abashed in presence of the new flag, "pretty much as a burglar might be supposed to look who had been caught in the act of breaking into a gentleman's house." Perhaps the unfortunate Yankee may have thought that the *Alabama* was most like a burglar of the two; and the narrative of a burglar who always avoids the police and never meets resistance would be apt to become wearisome. Cooper or Captain Marryat have made something of an exciting chase in the old war, even where the chase has been of a helpless enemy. But steam has pretty well quenched the romance of this as of other varieties of naval warfare, and the *Alabama* never had more difficulty in running down her victims than a greyhound in catching a three-legged hare. Sporting narratives are generally wearisome unless the prey be a tiger, or some other animal capable of turning the tables; and the Admiral's book is like nothing so much as a journal of a successful day's shooting, without even the incidents which vary sport in a difficult country. Like the old story of Colonel Slick, the 'coon always says, "Is that you, Colonel?" and comes down without giving him the trouble to fire. Twice, indeed, Admiral Semmes met with an opponent. On the first occasion, he sank the *Hatteras*; and on the second, the *Kearsage* sank him. In each case the victory was decided by a slight superiority in metal, and there were none of those incidents which made the old battles between single ships so exciting. A single lucky hit settles the business; and, if Admiral Semmes be right, he would have sunk the *Kearsage* had a certain shell not refused to explode. As it did not, he can only find fault with the ingenuity of the Yankee captain, who hung chains over the sides of his ship. Surely, if the same expedient had occurred to Admiral Semmes, he would not have thought himself justified in neglecting such a precaution.

The true mode of writing the book would have been to give us a few spirited descriptions of selected incidents, and to have avoided the tedious mode of inflicting a half-cooked journal upon us, in which every narrative is compressed, so as to be very dull and quite indistinguishable from a host of others. The method he has adopted necessarily swells his pages to undue and tedious length; yet even by this method the Admiral would scarcely have filled the portly volume before us. The fact is, and it is certainly very natural, that he is still very angry with the Northern States, and in-

* *My Adventures afloat in the Sumter and Alabama.* By Admiral Raphael Semmes. London: Richard Bentley. 1869.

deed with the greatest part of mankind, and has taken this mode of relieving his feelings. His men were of a singularly cosmopolitan character. Whenever they were on shore, they made themselves drunk, after the fashion of sailors, and fraternized in the friendliest way with the crews of all nations, friendly or hostile. Indeed this is not strange, as he tells us that in the *Sumter* there were not half a dozen Southern-born men, whilst the crew of the *Alabama* was composed of English, Dutch, Irish, French, Italian, and Spanish sailors, picked up at random in Liverpool. But Admiral Semmes was an ardent and patriotic Southerner, and is anxious in every way, in season and out of season, to impress his cause upon us. Certainly we do not blame his zeal, and many of his readers will probably sympathize heartily with him. Only in a book of adventures it is rather out of place. He begins, for example, after the general fashion of Americans, in bestowing upon us a lecture as to the causes of the war. We need hardly say that in his opinion the Northern people were a set of gloomy, snuffling Puritans, whilst the Southerners were "gay and dashing cavaliers." The civilization of the North, though he does not speak in any "spirit of disparagement to our Northern brethren," was "coarse and practical," "that of the South was more intellectual and refined." He argues at great length that the States-rights theory was the only sound one, that there was a constitutional right of secession, and that those high American authorities who have taken the opposite view have been guilty of the grossest sophistry. The whole history of the United States proves to his satisfaction that the growing wealth of the North, and the poverty of the South, was the result of the greedy and selfish system of protection adopted in obedience to the instincts of New England. "The picturesque hills of New England," he says, "were dotted with costly mansions, erected with money of which the Southern planters had been despoiled by means of the tariffs." The war was carried on, not from any patriotic motive, but simply to enrich the Northern people by means of corrupt contracts—in which case it must certainly be admitted to have failed of success. The American war, he says, had its origin in money, and was carried out "for a consideration." It ended in the same way. Even of the assassination of Lincoln, which most people are inclined to regret, he says that "it seemed like a just retribution that he should be cut off in the midst of the hosannas that were being shouted in his ears for all the destruction and ruin he had wrought upon twelve millions of people." "As a Christian," he adds, "it was my duty to say, 'Lord have mercy on his soul,' but the devil will surely take care of his memory." For Andrew Johnson, although from base motives he accidentally did the good deed of pardoning the Admiral, he has no better names than traitor and charlatan. The nearest approach to a civil expression towards his "Northern brethren" occurs in a passage where he rejoices over Mr. Seward's humiliation in having to restore Mason and Slidell. He was, he says, mortified, though he has very successfully deprived his narrative of any traces of this feeling, at the humiliation of the American nation. "Whilst I would humble them, and whip them into a sense of justice and decent behaviour myself, I was loth to see strangers kick them, and themselves submit to the kicking." We cannot discover, however, that England fares much better in his esteem. After expressing his contempt for the "beggarly South American republics" who made difficulties about showing him hospitality, he says that the North not only bullied Venezuela, but all the world besides. "Even old John Bull, grown rich and plethoric and asthmatic and gouty, trembled when he thought of his rich argosies and of the possibility of Yankee privateers chasing them." France, he tells us, is equally contemptible, its old sympathies for revolutionists having dried up under a degrading despotism.

Admiral Semmes, as may be inferred from his constitutional discussion, seems to have been an accomplished jurist, and many pages are filled with long arguments as to the many points of international law which arose in the course of his proceedings. He had great success, on the whole, in puzzling Consuls and Governors at the different ports at which he touched, and so far as a rather hasty perusal enables us to judge, seems to have put his points with a clearness which suggests that, according to the fashion of his countrymen, he had followed more professions than one. But life is not long enough to follow out all the details of such disputes, unless one has the misfortune to be a Commissioner for adjusting disputes, or a professor of international law. We can only commend his researches to persons about to argue the liability of England to pay for his performances.

The remainder of the book consists principally of disquisitions founded on Maury's well-known writings, and accounts of the hospitalities offered by Indies and English officers. Admiral Semmes is patriotic even in his science, and indulges in a long apostrophe to Maury as a Virginian, beginning, "Philosopher of the Seas! Thou mayest afford to smile at these vain attempts to humble thee!" and lasting for half a page. "Science," he says, "has no nationality." However, a man who is held to have had some scientific merit—poor Franklin—is dismissed with the contemptuous remark that, "having learnt to fly kites when a boy, he had turned the theory to some account when he had gotten to be a man." Franklin, it is true, was a Northerner, and some feeling of "nationality" would unavoidably force itself even into science on such a provocation. To Admiral Semmes's respect for Maury we owe some disquisitions on the Gulf Stream, the trade-winds, and other phenomena which are beginning to be rather a bore to the unsentient mind. Of the hospitality which the Admiral received, he speaks with due warmth. We will con-

tent ourselves with quoting a tribute called forth by certain "pretty little perfumed billets":—

Dear ladies of the Cape of Good Hope [he exclaims], these scenes are still fresh in my memory, and I make you but a feeble return for all your kindness in endeavouring to impress them upon these pages, that they may endure "yet a little while." I have always found the instincts of women to be right, and I felt more justified at the spontaneous outpouring of the sympathies of the sex for our cause, than if all the male creatures of the earth had approved it in cold and formal words.

Being male creatures, we are compelled to say that the Admiral has written a very wearisome account of a very interesting episode; and has made it yet more dreary by his infusion of endless legal argument and indignant scolding at the Northern people and at every one who ventures to differ from him as to the propriety of his proceedings. He would have consulted his own reputation much better if, like the more distinguished men who fought on his side, he had preserved a dignified silence, and waited till he could tell the story of his exploits calmly and modestly.

L'ART RELIGIEUX CONTEMPORAIN.*

THE Abbé Hurel candidly tells us, in the modest preface with which he opens his work on *L'Art religieux contemporain*, that his criticisms are not so much directed to questions of purely æsthetic interest as might be expected from the form and title of the book. His rapid examinations of recent manifestations in every branch of art—glass-painting, painting, architecture, sculpture, goldsmiths' work, music, &c.—have all been conducted with especial reference to the fulfilment in them of the conditions of "convenances religieuses," too often sacrificed in the present day; and it is to this point that nearly all his criticisms tend. The International Exhibition of 1867 suggested to him the idea of summing up his opinions and impressions in the work before us, and, having intended at first only to pass in review the principal objects of religious art which found a place in it, he gradually became engaged in a work of greater magnitude than he had originally contemplated. He began, apparently for the first time, to examine the foundations on which his convictions rested, and has endeavoured to arrive at a clear comprehension of the general principles which should guide the production of works of Christian art. It is the result of these investigations which now forms, under the title of *Synthesis*, by far the larger half of the book before us; the practical criticisms which gave rise to them following under the head of *Analysis*, and occupying little more than a third of the whole space.

The titles of the eleven chapters into which the first part is divided are of a not unattractive character, and inspire a certain amount of curiosity as to their contents. Here are some of them:—Of the Christian Element in Art, of the Philosophy of Christian Art, of the Sources, of the Form and Style, of the Method and Conditions of Christian Art. To the treatment of all these questions the Abbé brings keen interest, extensive reading, a lively fancy, some natural taste cultivated by a habit of observation, and a generosity of spirit much to be admired. But at the same time we are made painfully conscious at every step that all these most desirable qualities are not sufficient to enable their possessor to grapple with, much less to master, the metaphysical problems which meet at the outset every attempt to construct a theory of art. There are some persons whose minds are, from nature and habit, incapable of ever attaining any insight into matters of this character; clear perceptions of fundamental truth are the reward only of habitual effort and devotion. Now, without venturing to assert that the Abbé Hurel is one of those to whom clearness of thought is an impossibility, we think we are justified in affirming that the present volume is not in any degree distinguished by that strength of conception and that capability for sustained mental effort by which alone problems of a philosophical nature can be successfully encountered.

The order in which the Abbé has pursued his inquiries has been in itself a fruitful source of confusion and misapprehension. A Catholic, and a priest, he takes a deep and lively interest in all that concerns the service of the Church to which he belongs. But he is not only a priest but a Parisian, not only a devout Catholic but a man of letters; he sees the Apollo Belvedere with the raptures of Winckelmann on his lips, he enjoys Horace, has heard of Sophocles, and quotes Renan, not always to condemn. Hence we are not unprepared to find him deeply imbued with the conviction that all good works are inspired from above, that all good things are of God, so that *chefs-d'œuvre* are of no age or country. At great length he develops the not over-new Catholic theory that all which is beautiful in literature and art is essentially Christian, and, insisting on the distinction between "l'antiquité classique" and "l'antiquité païenne," finds in the works of Phidias a Christian element, and defends the men of the Renaissance from the imputations cast on them by the devotees of Middle-Age art.

So far so good, if we accept this use of the word Christian as characterizing all work done in a serious temper, of whatever time or place. But we now enter, after a glowing sermon on the sources of Christian art, on the discussion of its philosophy. In a footnote the Abbé demolishes, on the authority of M. Taine, Hobbes's theory that music, painting, and sculpture are agreeable as imitations which recall a past, whether pleasant or otherwise; and he then proceeds, by the aid of a quotation from Proudhon's

* *L'Art religieux contemporain. Étude critique. Par l'Abbé A. Hurel, Vicaire de la Madeleine. Paris: Didier et Co., 1868.*

Principe de l'Art, to overthrow M. Taine himself. "In vain," says the Abbé, "does he (M. Taine) think to escape the stigma which he has cast upon Hobbes," for M. Taine proposes, as the end of the artist, the exact imitation of what he calls the "logique extérieure" and the "logique intérieure" of the given object; and to what result does this proposition tend? Why it tends, explain or modify it as you will, to make imitation the sole end of art; whereas its true end is the development of what M. Proudhon calls the "idéal," but which the Abbé prefers to name "Dieu." At this point the difficulties which beset any attempt to base a system of aesthetics upon a groundwork of dogmatic theology begin to open themselves. One question after another is begged, one position after another is assumed, until at last the writer is betrayed into pitfalls from which he fails to extricate either himself or his readers. As far as we have been able to understand the Abbé's statement of what he calls the spiritual theory, it is this—"that in every work of art there may be said to be two parts, one of which may be called the body, the other the soul. By the soul," he tells us, he means "the thought or idea of the artist, which is made sensible to us by certain forms—'Celle-ci est l'idée expressible, celle-là l'idée exprimée.' But," he proceeds to say, "it is only because we are unfortunately made of flesh and blood that the idea has to be expressed by forms at all; art is really the invisible thought of the artist; but, weighed down by our senses, which require, in order to apprehend it, that it be rendered visible by material forms, we have at last, in common parlance, reversed the logical order, and given the name of art to that which is truly but its shell. Thus we stand at p. 98, and we were somewhat at a loss to understand why passages from M. Taine, dealing exclusively with the relations between the artist and the material world, should have been introduced at all into a discussion which completely ignores them, and treats simply of the relations between a work of art and those who contemplate it. But almost immediately we find passages written apparently under the momentary conviction that this "idée expressible," "pensée invisible," or soul, or ideal, or God, exists in the material world which is the subject of the artist's work; and finally we are completely bewildered by the assertion (p. 153) that it resides chiefly in the spectator of such work—that indeed, when we examine a painting or a piece of sculpture, "nous extrayons . . . moins l'idée . . . qu'elle renferme que celle qui vit en nous."

The fact is that in questions of this character the Abbé very soon gets out of his depth, and, trusting to his eloquence and his enthusiasm to bear him safely on, entirely neglects to assure his footing on those successive stepping-stones which, however slippery, afford the only possibility of safely reaching the desired shore. His acquaintance with all the varied branches of devotional art is of the most intimate character, and his judgment and taste in them, as far as can be gathered from the cursory criticisms brought together at the end of his book, are sound and sure; and had he—making a careful distinction between "l'art sérieux" and "l'art religieux," between serious and devotional work—applied his researches solely to the latter, we should probably have received from him, not a work of general interest certainly, but a contribution to literature of a special character, and possessing an intrinsic value which works of general interest can rarely, if ever, attain. This distinction, a very simple and real one, would have saved him all his embarrassment concerning the Madonnas of Raffaële, whose works, although penetrated by Christianity and spiritual in sentiment, are often, he complains, too "charnelle" as to form. Indeed he cries that Proudhon expresses his feelings exactly when he says:—"Je suis amoureux des saintes de Raphaël, toutes saintes, martyres, et vêtues qu'elles sont. Je le suis même de la Vierge Marie, jusqu'à son mariage. La madone n'échappe à mon amour, que par l'enfant, qu'elle porte dans ses bras; c'est le respect de la maternité qui la sauve." The discipline of the senses is the price of a sense of things divine, and a Madonna who recalls by the perfection of her physical beauty the nymphs of classic antiquity is a too seductive object to the eyes of the worshipper; in spite of the air of sanctity by which she is surrounded, and the spiritual expression of her countenance, she does not elevate the mind of the votary to the things of heaven, but rather, with her round arms and soft hands, draws him gently down to earth. Sacred art, it is true, has a special purpose to fulfil, and must be exercised under special conditions; the artist, if running the whole scale of human passion and woe, if treating subjects which contain a germ of universal human interest, must remember these conditions, must render his subject in such a way as to excite only a limited number of emotions of a special, defined character, directed to a special object. But this the Abbé wholly fails to explain. We ourselves should be inclined to state the matter briefly thus:—The physical ideal, which is predominant in Greek work, which in the work of the Renaissance is co-ordinate with the moral ideal, must in sacred art be kept strictly subordinated, in order that such art may acquire the peculiarly ascetic character proper to it, by means of which it will aid, or even produce, in its beholder, the desired devotional attitude of mind. And M. Hurel himself incidentally corroborates our theory when he says, "L'expression est, ou peu s'en faut, le tout de l'esthétique chrétienne," and any attempt to combine with it the grosser attractions of physical perfections produces a disturbing effect; it is a hindrance, and not a help.

That in the present day Christian sacred art is sunk to a very low ebb, the Abbé freely confesses, but he also indulges in too

fervent hopes of a near and glorious revival. In discussing the causes of its decadence, he finds that there are four great evils which deeply affect its well-being. First, the dissipated habits of modern artists; secondly, the low taste of the artistic public; thirdly, modern scepticism; and fourthly, the excessive importance of material life in the present age, its great luxury, and the instability of political institutions. Now, of these four evils, the first two appear to us to have existed always, to the great disadvantage, not only of religious or devotional art, but to the great disadvantage of all serious work; for as to the morals of artists, whilst we are quite ready to agree with the Abbé's assertion that no man of ill-regulated life has ever attained to a substantial eminence in his profession, we cannot believe that it is possible to prove that at any time the whole body of men engaged in artistic professions has been characterized by well-disciplined modes of life. Even in the fifteenth century, in the palmy days of fresco and tempera, the voice of warning is heard:—"Ta vie doit être rangée comme si tu étais étudiant en théologie, philosophie, ou toute autre science, usant avec tempérance du boire et du manger. Deux fois par jour suffisent," &c. And again, as to the ignorance of the present public in things of art; can any one seriously think that there ever was a past public, in a high state of cultivation and enlightenment regarding any subject whatever, requiring constant attention and education in order to sympathize with and comprehend it? Mr. Ruskin says, indeed, "that good art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it as if it were bread; basked in it as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it." But we feel at once that this is an artist's Utopia, and history teaches us that Raffaële's public was not in the populace of Rome, but in the Curia of the Vatican, and that it is only now and then, surrounded by a select few, that a man may ever hope to work sustained by a common sympathy, as Mr. Browning makes Andrea del Sarto tell us of his days at Fontainebleau:—

. in such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts.

The material character of the development of modern society has no special influence on sacred art; it affects it only as a branch of serious work, and any consideration of the nature of its action would lead us into a discussion of questions irrelevant to the matter immediately in hand. But the evil which comes third in the Abbé's list, "Modern Scepticism," lies in some shape or other at the root of the question. The spirit of the public has now acquired a distinctly secular bias, it resents ecclesiastical authority, it resents the existence in its breast of any ascetic spirit; and, as we have seen in the recent revolutions of Italy and Spain, one of the first acts of the new power is to destroy, or to attempt to destroy, the strength, and even the very existence, of those communities which foster it. The fanaticisms of the nineteenth century are not religious but political, and the badge of the new crusades is not the Cross but the people; the spirit of Abraham Lincoln animates the sons of St. Louis; and in spite of the prayers, the zeal, the hopes, and aspirations of the devout, we fear that the period is far distant which will realize their expectations, and give the world again a living school of devotional art.

META'S FAITH.*

Meta's Faith the authoress, as in her former novels, gives us a study of a very small number of characters, with very little scene-shifting, and a plot studiously exempt from exciting interest. Two middle-aged women of the middle class, one young lady, a Dissenting doctor of divinity, his mother, two students, the one well-born but mean-spirited, the other of lowly origin but noble soul, support the main burden of the story for nearly a thousand pages. Nor is any attempt made to compensate for the fewness of the persons by the many-sidedness of their natures; nor is the plot at all a novel one, or the local colouring taken from regions unknown to the majority of novel-readers. And yet, with all these self-imposed difficulties, supplemented by an occasional naïve display of ignorance of the manner in which young men ordinarily converse with and behave towards one another, the authoress, thanks to her possession of a fund of quiet humour and the power of writing simple and unaffected English, has contrived to produce a book which is fairly readable from first to last. Mrs. Waldemar, to begin with the only unamiable female personage—was far too adroit and experienced a woman to have any need for trust in the leadings of Providence. . . . Leading-strings were very well for those who had not wisdom enough to order their own goings, but she had long ago learned to dispense with any help they could give. When she found herself where she did not wish to be, she looked round for some more desirable situation, and then, by a series of clever contrivances, worked her way to it. . . . This was how she had gradually edged her way also into the best society of Carriden-Regis. . . . And this was how she purposed now to reinstate herself in that dignity from which Mr. Waldemar's death, fifteen months ago, had displaced her.

Her purpose is to marry Dr. Ellesley, a Dissenting divine, very learned and very shy, the Governor of Carriden-Regis College, who, having lost his wife some twenty-five years before, and having lived contentedly in single blessedness ever since, studying "Greek roots, Latin derivations, Hebrew terminations, and the latest tit-bits of German heterodoxy," and being moreover of a very refined and sensitive nature, would have seemed to anybody

* *Meta's Faith*. A Novel. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," "Jennie's Quiet Life," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1869.

but the enterprising Mrs. Waldemar about the last person in the world to be captivated by a vulgar and loquacious widow. Belonging, however, as she seems to have done, to that section of her sex which answers to the lady-killer among men, she never entertained a doubt of her success from the moment that she had determined upon its expediency. Dr. Ellesley was in a comfortable position, and therefore a desirable match; he was a man, and therefore to be won. Accordingly, Mrs. Waldemar, confident in her knowledge of the weakness of men, and the different ways in which they are assailable by women, sets to work upon the susceptibilities of the retiring scholar somewhat after the fashion of Widow Wadman upon Uncle Toby. But the Doctor, instead of appreciating her matured comeliness, falls in love with her step-daughter, Meta, in whom he discovers a strong resemblance to his dead wife. Availing himself of the noisy widow's effusive invitations, without the slightest suspicion of the motives that prompt them, he comes week after week of an evening to enjoy a sight of the unobtrusive little school-girl, greatly to the delight of his supposed captivator. It is evident that he is in love, and his excessive shyness, and the occasional incoherence of his replies to the gushing lady who has taken him in hand, are of course attributed to the wrong origin. In the meanwhile he seems to have but little fear of his ultimate success, and displays no great anxiety to hurry it on.

But Meta, having lost her way one morning in the woods, has come across the most promising of his pupils—Stephen Garton, the son of a washerwoman, who is working his way up in the world, and is at present the favourite competitor for a valuable exhibition, which will enable him, if he gets it, to continue his education at a German University. The two have since met once or twice at Dr. Ellesley's house, and Mrs. Waldemar—having, like most ladies of her kind, a keen eye for detecting incipient attachments—becomes at once aware of the impression which her step-daughter has created, and, with a full knowledge of his antecedents and prospects, invites him continually to tea, and makes herself remarkably agreeable to him every time that he comes, proposing to herself, in case he gets the exhibition, to allow the match, and, in the case of his failure, to forbid it. As Stephen Garton is a clever and industrious young man, he is almost as a matter of course, being in the midst of a world of wicked young students, the object of the persistent dislike and jealousy of a dull and idle rival. And being an honest and modest plebeian, with shabby clothes, round shoulders, and undeniably plain features, his enemy, Rodney Charnock, is naturally enough a deceitful and conceited aristocrat, always dressed in the height of fashion, and the fortunate possessor of an elegant figure and a handsome face. On the strength of these advantages, and a good income to back them, this young gentleman, having discovered his inability to injure his foe by getting the exhibition from him, determines to wound him still more deeply by winning the love of Meta. Mrs. Waldemar, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of such a desirable son-in-law, dismisses Garton with a very rude and characteristic letter; Garton goes to Germany; and the field is left open to the Doctor and Charnock.

Meta, however, has not the slightest suspicion of the feelings of her elder and undemonstrative admirer, and takes a strong dislike to the compliments of the offensive young fashionable. Both continue to come to the cottage for some time, till at last the Doctor, in an amusing *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Waldemar, in which that lady is every moment expecting an offer, screws up courage to ask her for leave to pay his addresses to her daughter. Greatly to her credit, she retains sufficient self-command not to betray herself, and sufficient self-confidence, even in these trying circumstances, not to give up her hope of winning him after all. She refuses her consent on the ground of the great difference in their ages; and the Doctor, who is a model of propriety in this and all other respects, goes quietly off to get over his disappointment as he best can. Charnock also, after repeated rebuffs, perceives that his chance is hopeless; and Meta is thus relieved from the importunities of both. For several months she continues very miserable, imagining that Garton has deserted her of his own accord; while he has gone to Germany under the impression that she and Mrs. Waldemar have forbidden him their house because they have discovered that he is the son of a washerwoman. Both lovers pine for each other's society, till on his return to England, Miss Hacklebury, the spinster sister, who has been kept in the dark about his dismissal, discovering the truth, manages to bring about an explanation, and the story winds up in the orthodox manner.

The plot contains no startling surprises, and is comparatively devoid of anything that can be called a climax. We are evidently intended to see what is coming, and we drift slowly towards it, stopping on the way to observe the manner in which each little incident affects one or more of the characters, and to take a look at the country scenery. There is far less than the average amount of conversation, which, together with the lack of incident, and an almost complete absence of direct moral reflections, leaves a very large space indeed to be filled with descriptive bits. Some of these are pretty, and come in effectively; but by far the strongest merit in the book, it seems to us, is the humour displayed in the realistic delineation of the two middle-aged sisters, and the account of the everyday life which they lived in a little cottage in the suburbs of the manufacturing town of Millsman. By the law of compensation, which some domestic novelists love so much to exemplify, just as the plain exterior of the gifted washerwoman's son conceals an almost flawless inner nature, and the fascinating appearance of his

better born-rival is the outward manifestation of an unlovely and unloving heart, so selfish Mrs. Waldemar has a languishing feminine face and form, and warm-hearted Miss Hacklebury hard features, rough manners, and a loud voice. The plain spinster does the work, and the ornamental widow the elegancies, of the humble household:—

Miss Hacklebury did everything in the establishment which required the exercise of those undeniably useful faculties, Resistance and Executiveness. She was the one to send off a refractory beggar when he had proceeded from whining to impudence, and from impudence—seeing there was no hat or stick hanging up in the lobby—to downright threats of violence. The sound of that trooper-like tread down the passage to the back door, the first accents of a voice that could upon occasion issue its mandates with the authority of a commander of dragoons, were enough to intimidate the boldest vagrant that ever trespassed upon the sanctity of a virgin home, and send him trembling back into the public road with incontinent haste, forgetful of his apparently wooden leg, or the wanted rheumatism, more malignant even than that of the elderly Hacklebury branches, which, according to his own statement five minutes before, had incapacitated him from active exertion for the last twenty years.

Mrs. Waldemar, however, naturally looked upon herself as the most important person in the house:—

It was herself, she said, and not sister Hacklebury, who sustained the dignity of the family. It was owing to her position as poor dear Mr. Waldemar's widow that they were on calling terms with the best families in the place, and she should never for one moment think of yielding her prerogative because sister Hacklebury happened to have absorbed the practicality and business talent of the family into her own person. Look at their visiting list now—and Mrs. Waldemar would glance towards the enamelled card-basket, which stood in the centre of the drawing-room table, with Lady Fitzflannery's card, Lady Fitzflannery was the wife of the Mayor of Millsman, lying at the top of it—looking at their visiting list now, embracing all the people in Carriden-Regis, and most of those in Millsman who were worth knowing on account of birth and breeding, and say whether a list like that, giving as it did to those who owned it such an unexceptionable position in social life, ought not to be considered a little. And who, Mrs. Waldemar would like to know, but herself, had been instrumental in raising that visiting list to its present condition?

In effective apposition to this kind of writing are some of the quiet little love bits which are constantly alternating with the more prosaic parts of the story. Meta is rather a quaint little heroine. She shows symptoms of going off into a decline when she fancies herself deserted; but, on the whole, she is pleasant and natural enough, though her excellences are for the most part negative ones. It is only when we come to one or two of the men that we become aware that we are in the midst of fictitious characters. At least one is inclined to pronounce them fictitious, though of course, if one could only get rid of all preconceived notions, and disregard unpleasant experiences, one might admit that it is within the bounds of possibility that the wonderful male creations of "Ouida" in the one direction, and of the authoress of *John Halifax* in the other, are after all more accurate studies of Englishmen than have ever been executed by a masculine artist. If it is good for all human beings occasionally to see themselves as others see them, it must, we suppose, be edifying for men, when reading novels of this kind, to regard themselves for a while seriously and undoubtedly from a feminine point of view. The result in the present instance will be a feeling of complacency in finding ourselves free from so many faults and shortcomings to which we imagine ourselves prone, mingled with a certain humiliation at the discovery that we have about us so slight a flavour of what we have been accustomed to consider humanity.

On the whole, the book, while it contains many of the excellences of the better novels of the class to which it belongs, is certainly not free from some of their defects. In the first place, in the spirit of the divine who deplored that the devil should monopolize all the good tunes, we think it a pity that so many clever writers should leave the construction of workmanlike plots almost entirely to the more worldly-wise members of the wicked sensational school. Without exactly wishing to be kept in a state of suspense from first to last, we must say that we like to feel throughout the greater part of a story a little uncertainty as to what is going to happen. To appeal exclusively to curiosity is no doubt a very low object for any writer to propose to himself, and the reader who is content to have no other feeling than his curiosity stimulated must have a very vulgar imagination. But everybody likes to have his expectation gently tickled from time to time, more especially after he has got a pretty intimate acquaintance with the majority of the *dramatis personæ*. Or, if all uncertainty is to be eliminated, we ought at least to be led by a skilful guide towards a tolerably effective and well-prepared climax. Into *Meta's Faith* the element of uncertainty enters in a very small degree, and we are led up to the climax, such as it is, in a very haphazard and careless manner. We must add that the story might have been abbreviated with considerable advantage, not so much by the omission as by the compression of a great deal of the subject-matter. Generally, to turn a three-volume into a two-volume novel it would be only necessary to prune the conversations with an unsparing hand. Here the alteration would have to be made by reproducing the narrative and descriptive parts in a terser style. Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but also of pathos, persuasiveness, picturesque description, and most of the other effects aimed at in fiction. When the authoress of *Meta's Faith* is describing the thoughts and conversations of women of the lower middle class, she is of course bound, as a dramatist, to give us voluble and diffusive utterances. But when she is speaking in her own character as narrator, she should contrive to write in a rather different and more disciplined manner.

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TOTAL AMOUNT OF VESTED BONUS ADDITIONS, £1,706,164.

POSITION OF THE SOCIETY AT 1st MARCH, 1868.

Existing Assurances	£3,681,242
Accumulated Funds	1,777,651
Annual Revenue	247,510

The Members incur no personal liability, and the whole Profits belong to them.

GEORGE TODD, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

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The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,400,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £250,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample Security is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and the most liberal conditions.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

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JOHN JACKSON, Assistant-Secretary.

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